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Francis Rufus Bellamy, Publisher Ernest Hamlin Abbott, Editor-in-Chief

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Malcolm Waters Davis Dixon Merritt Harold T. Pulsifer
Frances Lamont Robbins Parkhurst Whitney

William L. Ettinger, Jr., Advertising Manager

Walter Thalen, Circulation Manager

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From Publisher—To You

THE way in which the naval officers have handled the tragedy of the S–4, ill-fated submarine sunk off Provincetown, has produced in most Americans an unexpressed conviction—mostly emotional probably and not built upon reported facts—that the truth about the whole business has somehow been concealed.

Certainly this conviction is strengthened by Courtenay Terrett's sincere and truthful article on the subject which we print in this issue.

MR. TERRETT was there, and a brief reading of his article shows that he too shares this emotional conviction, although neither he nor any one else has suggested that easy rescue was possible. We publish his report as part of our policy of bringing to our readers the facts upon which any intelligent discussion of such a subject must be based.

HENRY F. PRINGLE'S article upon Dr. Cadman—considered in the light of the modern quest for information—is, to our notion, much more provocative of thought than personality sketches usually are. Treating Dr. Cadman as a phenomenon of the modern American scene, Mr. Pringle raises many questions of moment in our mind concerning both the caliber of the American people's mind and the value of any such effort to cater to it.

IN one sense certainly, without detracting in the least from Dr. Cadman's very real achievement, it makes intelligent people wonder if any man who is considered an authority on so many diverse subjects can be a supreme guide in any one. This would seem to defeat Dr. Cadman's purpose. Perhaps the only happy aspect of the picture to Americans who ponder the future of democracy is that the advice usually given is practical. Certainly, as a picture of American life, it made us think about many things we encounter every day in our newspapers and which we discuss as merely "popular," but which nevertheless constitute genuine signs of the times.

SUCH evidences of where we are going and how we look on the way are usually interesting to people who enjoy thinking. From this standpoint they are worth printing in The Outlook.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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Courtesy Valentine Gallery

LANDSCAPE

By A. Dunoyer de Segonzac

This modern French painter combines a sensitive feeling for nature with forceful and masterly technique. His lanascape themes are consciously chosen for their simple and large open sweep, in order to give free play for his luscious use of paint

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The Outlook

Volume 148 January 11, 1928 Number 2

Ask Dr. Cadman

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

IN nearly every city in the land, as the most casual reading of its newspapers will demonstrate, there is at least one clergyman who is a hustler and a publicist in addition to being the shepherd of his flock. He is well known to the local reporters, sends advance copies of his sermons to the city editors, and makes himself heard on the questions of the day. He belongs to important civic committees, attends the luncheons of the principal service club, and assists the Chamber of Commerce in welcoming distinguished guests.

In days that have passed, when the pace of life was more gentle, the clergyman was a man who had drawn apart from earthly things. He visited the poor and comforted the sick and the dying. He grew a little vague when confronted with such problems as a new mortgage or a new roof for the vestry, and turned these matters over to his deacons. The church was a house of refuge, a place for contemplation, the sheltered abode of the spiritual. In time, however, it became apparent that a new age demanded new things. In the smaller villages religion remained static, but in the cities the clergy reached out for more up-to-date ways of spreading their versions of the word of God. They built magnificent new churches, sometimes with hotels or office buildings above them, and raised funds by the go-getter methods of Liberty Loan drives. They turned to the press and the radio, because their audiences were dwindling. They became authorities on petting parties, crime, and divorce. They consulted the public relations counsel.

AN outstanding figure among the new-style ministers is the Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, pastor of the Central Congregational Church of Brooklyn and President of the Federal Council of Churches in America. The Rev. Dr. Cadman still believes, as he often makes clear, that woman's place is in the home, that motherhood is her only true calling,

ALMOST every one has heard of Dr. Cadman. He is a public man as well as a clergyman, and has made his impress far beyond church circles. In this article, Mr. Pringle, Governor Smith's able biographer, has drawn the portrait of Dr. Cadman as he sees him, as a phenomenon of modern America. Dr. Cadman does not believe that the radio can take the place of church-going, but he is an outstanding example of the minister who utilizes worldly inventions to spread the message of the Church. His great distinction, perhaps, is his amazing ability to appease the insatiable appetite for information, manifest in so many ways since the war.

that birth control is sinful, that prohibition is a great moral experiment certain to succeed if given half a chance, that children should be spanked. But in spreading his gospel he uses media born of modernism. He addresses countless millions each Sunday by radio, and each day writes a syndicated newspaper article similar in form, although not always in content, to the Dorothy Dix forums on love. His correspondence is comparable to that of a mail-order house executive; and every morning, in his study, he dictates for hours to his secretaries. He answers almost any question, whether on religion, politics, business, military affairs, literature, or domestic entanglements. When bigger audiences are available through additional miracles of science, Dr. Cadman will address them. When more questions are asked, Dr. Cadman will answer them. His name is known, from coast to coast, in every household that reads newspapers or twirls the knobs of a radio set. In many of them it is synonymous with omniscience.

The catholicity of Dr. Cadman's knowledge is equaled only by the size of his audiences. For the past two years he has been presiding over a column published in the New York "Herald Tribune" and syndicated to eighty other newspapers throughout the country with a total circulation of more than 10,000,000 readers a day. Among the questions he has answered without hesitation are: What is the soul? How can I keep my wife from bobbing her hair? What are the evidences of high civilization? What is your conception of hell? Who was the foremost military genius in the British armies in the World War? What is success?

Dr. Cadman rarely qualifies his answers, although he frequently resorts to generalities; nor does he shrink from prophecy and mystic interpretation.

"Is there any chance," asked one thirsty newspaper reader, "that the Eighteenth Amendment will be repealed?"

"Not the slightest," was the brisk and brief retort.

"Russia will remain a liability for another century at least," he ruled on another occasion.

"Why," asked a troubled baseball fan, "did Walter Johnson lose the last game of the World Series?"

"It is not part of God's plan," said Dr. Cadman, "that one champion shall win all the time."

IT will be a relief to many, considering the vastness of this divine's influence, to know that he upholds the rigid sanctity of marriage, just as he says, "Emphatically not," when asked whether he approves of birth control. This was demonstrated when a reader of his articles set forth that she and her husband were desperately unhappy together, but that under the laws of New York State neither could obtain a divorce. Was it "not a sacrilege for a couple to remain married when they have no love for each other?"

"No cohabitation is a sacrilege," he

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replied, "as long as it is sanctioned by Church and State and by the right behavior of the parties cohabiting."

Once in a while, of course, he has to resort to nimble foot work in answering questions that are highly debatable. A reader once wanted to know whether Dr. Cadman would "sit down to a course dinner with Negroes." Instead of turning to his Bible, he recalled the luncheon given by a President of the United States to Booker T. Washington.

"I would. Theodore Roosevelt did. What is good enough for him is good enough for you."

DR. CADMAN demonstrates his mental agility most vividly on Sunday afternoons, when he addresses his "radio audience." For years prior to the invention of broadcasting he had lectured to the Men's Conference of the Bedford Avenue Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association in Brooklyn. He had assisted thousands of young men to solve their spiritual, temporal, and even business problems. Four years ago radio was called to the aid of religion, and now a network of broadcasting stations carries Dr. Cadman's pleasantly sonorous voice to at least half the Nation's population. Radio enthusiasts as far west as Iowa, in most of the cities of eastern Canada, along the greater portion of the Atlantic seaboard, and as far in the inland South as Kentucky can hear him if they choose. It has been estimated that from 5,000,000 to 7,000,000 actually tune in each Sunday. This figure is, of course, merely guesswork; there is no way of knowing how many of those who own radio sets decline to worship at the feet of this twentieth-century oracle. That the invisible congregation is very large is demonstrated, though, by the letters that Dr. Cadman and the Y. M. C. A. receive. Sometimes there are as many as 2,000 in a single week. They come from villages and cities, and even from sailors who have listened in while at sea. Most of them are from comparatively poor people, for it is well known that the upper classes play golf on Sunday. The late Judge Elbert H. Gary, of the United States Steel Corporation, was, however, an enthusiastic Cadman fan, I am told.

Any one who has listened to the broadcasting of Dr. Cadman's Y. M. C. A. forum is necessarily somewhat awed by the celerity with which he answers the questions put to him at the end of his half-hour sermon. It seems obvious that they must have been shown to him in advance, and that he has been able to scurry to an encyclopædia and a Biblical concordance. Although he attempts to limit his Sunday questions, these days, to spiritual matters, it is not always considered wise for him to do so. Consequently, the range is very wide and within recent months has included: What will be the nature of the resurrected body? What should an alien do when he arrives in this country? Why is America so unpopular abroad? Who is more thrifty, the Hebrew or the Scotchman?

The truth is, inquiry develops, that the chief attraction of Dr. Cadman's performance is his ability to answer questions with, as the Y. M. C. A. program puts it, "Gatling-gun rapidity." Only when it is a matter of policy does he see the puzzlers ahead of time. A committee goes over the hundreds received and, after picking out those that are too silly or that have been answered before, places several in front of him.

"How," asked one astonished worshiper after a service, "are you able to answer all these questions so swiftly and so surely?"

"Habit, I suppose," replied Dr. Cadman.

His friends have pointed out that he has rare ability "to think on his feet" and that he has unusual confidence in himself. He does not, in other words, face the microphone with any apprehension that he will be given a question beyond his range of knowledge.

PLUMP, elderly, with gray hair and with eyes that look out with complacency from behind his glasses, the Rev. Dr. Cadman might serve as a pattern for the well-fed, prosperous, authoritative, and successful city clergyman. Here is a man very certain of salvation, very certain of his creeds, very sure of his scholarship, very confident that he speaks with official sanction. It is wholly fantastic, as he stands on the platform of the Y. M. C. A. auditorium, that his voice is being wafted on ether waves to millions and that other millions turn daily to their newspapers for his counsel. For Dr. Cadman is no Aimee Semple McPherson, and certainly no Billy Sunday. A believer in personal evangelism, he is not a go-getting evangelist. Nor is he a really great pulpit orator. Like all ministers, he is, naturally, something of an actor. He knows the value of phrasing, of climax, of emotional appeal. He permits his voice to rise and fall and to crash in crescendo, but he is always dignified and always a little restrained, and only rarely does an "Amen" break from the lips of that fraction of his congregation which attends his services in person, and not through vacuum tubes and B batteries.

Dr. Cadman looks back on life and finds it excellent. Few, no doubt, have better right, for he rose from poverty to an eminence where he is certainly the most widely heard, and probably the best paid, Congregational minister on earth. He was born in Shropshire, England, in 1864, the son of a Methodist minister. As a boy he sometimes worked in a neighborhood coal mine, and learned thereby the worth of honest toil. He was early destined to the ministry, and in 1889 was graduated from London University. In 1890 he came to America, the opportunities for religious advancement in this new land being comparable to those in commercial lines, and he was, almost from the day that he landed, marked by his Methodist bishop as a coming man. His first flock was in Millbrook, New York, and after that he was, for a brief time, detailed to Yonkers, New York. But the Church does not permit its particularly talented to waste themselves on rural folk, so in 1895 he was told to reorganize a number of dwindling parishes in downtown Manhattan. Within six years he had added 1,600 members to their congregations.

IN 1901 Dr. Cadman was called to the Central Congregational Church in Brooklyn, and accepted the summons, although a Methodist. During the years that have passed he has rejected many offers, among them the presidency of that stronghold of Methodism, Wesleyan University. A few years ago a London church asked for his services, also without result. His friends pointed out that he had become a citizen of the United States as soon as the law had made it possible, and that he would not return, except as a friendly visitor, to the land of his nativity. Now, along with the late Henry Ward Beecher and the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, he ranks as one of the really inspired preachers which Brooklyn seems to produce more easily than any other part of New York City. His flock showed its appreciation in 1923 by raising his pay to $12,000 a year, and in 1926 by giving him a purse of $25,000—$1,000 for every year of service.

During the first years of his career

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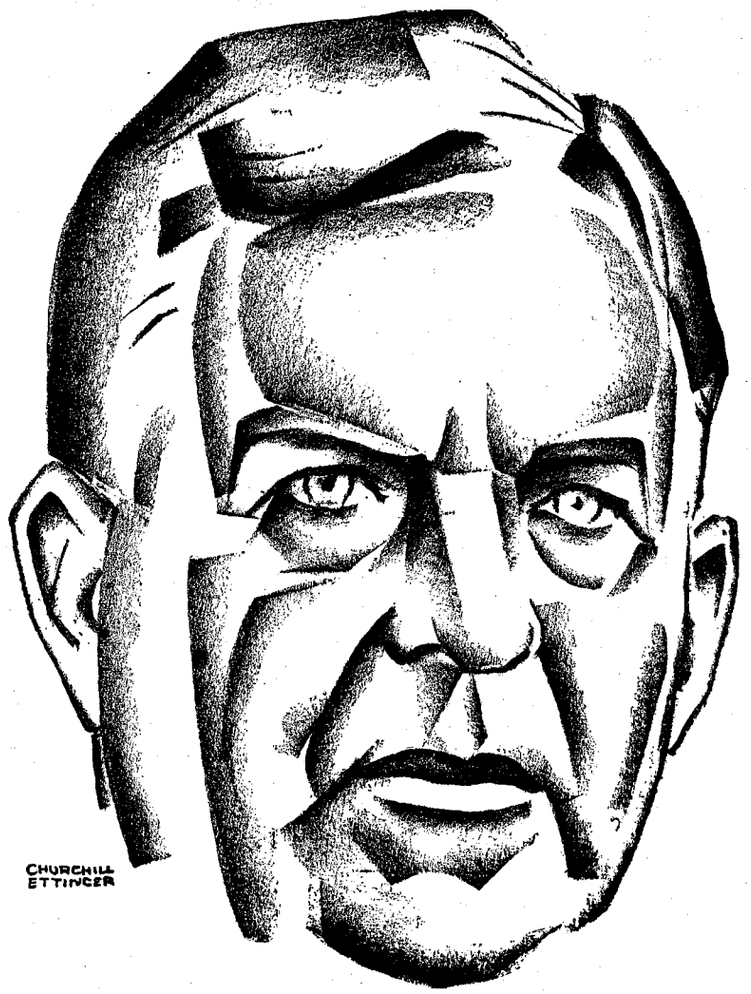

Dr. S. Parkes Cadman

Dr. Cadman won a reputation for advanced thought, and even in 1901, when he went to Brooklyn, had been widely quoted as a believer in the abolition of creeds. In a hundred years, he has said, "there'll be no denominations and there'll be more Christianity." As a young minister, too, there were traces of pacifism in his make-up; in 1896 he said that to make war with Spain over Cuba would be criminal. In 1908 he criticised Theodore Roosevelt for wanting a large Army and Navy. But with the outbreak of hostilities in Europe he began, together with most of his brothers of the cloth, to see that God was on the side of the Allies and to change his views regarding militarism. To learn what war was actually like he became chaplain of the Twenty-third Regiment of the New York National Guard, and lost fifteen pounds serving on the Mexican border. Regarding war, he said, at about that time:

> It is not the worst of evils. The gilded youth of Broadway is typical of a much greater evil. This war is purging the nations. They will be better for it. It is sweeping away the trivial and frivolous and revealing the deep and serious.

Returning from Texas, Chaplain Cadman remarked that universal military training was "splendid." At one of his Y. M. C. A. conferences he was asked what should be done pending possible war with the Kaiser, whose acts he had already described as those of "a devil incarnate."

"Prepare! Prepare! Prepare!" he boomed.

So great was his fervor that he even forgot his friendliness toward other creeds and his dreams of a universal Church. The Lutheran Church in Germany, he explained, was not "the Bride of Christ," but "the paramour of Kaiserism." After America had entered the struggle he blessed its cause as "that of Christ." Then he added:

> If religion means to us what it did to Christ, that is, a cross of blood, then the soldiers and sailors are the most religious men we have among us. Shed blood has always brought man nearest to God. "Greater love has no man than this, that he lay down his life for his country."

A millionaire friend, Dr. Cadman went on, had expressed doubt about the wisdom of the war. Asked what he would do if he found a "burglar attacking his wife," this pacifist had replied that he "would try to stop him without hurting him."

"What," demanded the pastor, "can you do with a God-forsaken ass like that?"

THE doctor recovered his balance in time. By 1926 he was opposing military service in the schools, and was in that year barred from the Commencement exercises of the New York Military Academy at Cornwall after he had been asked to make an address. So angry did the die-hard militarists become at their former brother-in-arms that one Sunday afternoon they stormed his Y. M. C. A. forum and hissed until the police reserves ejected them. Dr. Cadman's shifting views on militarism have, in fact, constituted one of the few inconsistencies in his career as a publicist. He belongs to that ever-increasing group of clergymen, in New York and elsewhere, who know the sweet uses of publicity, who never say "No" to a reporter, who are always willing to be quoted on the question of the day. Dr. Cadman has, at one time or another, been interviewed on the League of Nations, the greatness of President Coolidge, the potentially equal greatness of Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., the adoption of Mary Spas by the once prominent Edward W. Browning, and the experimental murder of Leopold and Loeb. He was among the patriots who rushed to the defense of George Washington when Rupert Hughes published the first of his volumes on the Father of his Country. In this case Dr. Cadman evolved a somewhat novel method of literary criticism, saying:

> Above all, Washington was sane, sober, and self-controlled. One look at his face and then at that of Mr. Hughes should convince any one that the pup looked at the King—and not like him.

Within recent months Dr. Cadman has been given another opportunity for service. He has become Chairman of the "Religious Book of the Month Club."

Dr. Cadman prides himself on his standing as a "liberal-conservative," but there are some things that he cannot ac-

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What Is the Truth About the S-4?

By COURTENAY TERRETT

THE sea wind riffled the water and broke up the white-gold patches of reflected light into shimmering streaks. The scattered fleet seemed to lie in a restless moonlit sky, the anchor chains barnacled with stars.

All but one vessel.

The Falcon, long and low, stood out as whitely against the liquid darkness as a mediæval painting of the Holy Grail. Batteries of strong lights scoured the decks on which two hundred men were working late and hard, and the illumination ran off to spread in a glowing film over the waters around the ship.

At the stern two hose-lines trailed off into the burnished water, and a diver, whiter in his rubber suit than a naked man, stood clumsy and hideous on a platform slung out over the rail by a crane. He was going below, seventeen fathoms under that bright surface, where lay the gashed and flooded carcass of the Submarine S–4.

The two hose-lines led down to her. One had been made fast two hours earlier, at one o'clock, and was now pumping sweet, living air into the fetid forward torpedo compartment. It was this diver's purpose to attach the second air hose.

One would have thought that men were being saved from death, that these measures were parts of a rescue operation.

Indeed, they might have been but for one fact:

The six men who had survived the submarine's quick plunge to sea-bottom happened to be dead, and not all the air covering the earth nor all the divers in all the navies could bring them back to life.

This was midnight of Wednesday, December 21, and they had been dead for hours if not for days.

IT had been the preceding Saturday afternoon that the rum-chasing Coast Guard destroyer Paulding, seeing nothing of the submarine tender Wandank or its flag warning that a submarine was running on the test course outside Provincetown Harbor, had slashed into the ascending S–4, cut her half-way through amidship and sent her to the bottom with tons of green sea water in her belly. Thirty-four men died then.

MR. TERRETT was one of the correspondents who went to Provincetown to see the Navy rescue six living men trapped in the torpedo-room of the sunken submarine S–4. The effort quickly degenerated into a plain job of salvage. The story Mr. Terrett tells of the actual consideration given to salvaging the ship as opposed to saving the lives of its survivors is not pleasant reading. It may be, as he says, that suitable explanations can be made to Naval Boards of Inquiry and Congressional committees; but his facts are hard facts, and one or two are capable of a sinister interpretation.

Explanations will be offered as to why air was not pumped in to the six living men on Sunday afternoon, when it was pumped in, three days later, to six dead men.

There will be technical explanations offered by men anxious to explain, and they may satisfy a Naval Board of Inquiry or a Congressional investigation.

But they will never satisfy those of us who for five maddening days watched a slowly assembling fleet of rescue ships, equipped with the best available apparatus and manned by a thousand experienced men, lying over the sunken submarine and accomplishing nothing toward saving those six known survivors.

In retrospect it seems that rescue was never in the Navy's plan, but only the salvage of a fighting machine which cost upwards of $3,000,000 to build and might be reconditioned at an expense less than replacement.

THIS view is unfair, perhaps, for there were men and officers in that fleet who were feverishly anxious to do something, anything, that might save the six, and who were heart-sick and incautiously resentful when they knew that the chance had passed. Yet the facts are challenging.

The Coast Guardsmen located the S–4's resting-place Saturday night, after dragging the ocean floor for hours from small boats, and a buoy was put down to mark the spot.

Already the destroyer Sturtevant and the mine-sweeper Lark were at the scene. The Lark had diving equipment aboard, but it was not used that night. Morning found the Bushnell, fitted for divers, the Falcon, bearing the fullest of diving equipment, and the mine-sweeper Mallard at the scene, and displayed a sea far calmer than that of the night before. Yet it was well past noon on Sunday before the first diver went down; for, though ships were watching all through the night, the marking buoy had broken free and the S–4's position was lost.

Again the small boats swept and dragged the sea-bed. Hours passed, and no man knew whether forty men lived below. At length the Coast Guardsmen found the S–4 again. Another buoy was put over to mark the spot. Divers on the Falcon climbed into their awkward dress and slowly descended through the 102 feet of sea.

They found, down in the darkness of seventeen fathoms, the ship resting on an even keel. A deep wound half severed her, slashing through the control-room below the conning tower, and her deck was a tangle of wires and rails and twisted plates.

The divers plodded around through the mud, exploring the wreck. Thomas Eadie, one of the best of them, tapped a bar against the plates of the forward torpedo compartment and got a muffled answer. He went aloft, slowly, and into the decompression chamber, and came out to announce that men still lived down below.

Other divers went down. They confirmed Eadie. Finally, late, an air-line was run over the Falcon's stern and a diver attached it to the wreck.

It was not run to the compartment where men were known to be alive. It was attached to another part of the ship. Secretary Wilbur says that it was attached to the general air-distributing system. But the men at the scene that night announced that it had been attached to the forward ballast tanks, and explained that its purpose was to push some of the water out of the S–4 and lighten her for raising.

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Rear-Admiral Frank Brumby, in command of the fleet, himself wirelessed to Washington:

"Divers now securing salvage air-lines to tanks."

And a few hours later he reported, "Blowing air from Falcon to tanks."

THERE was no mention in those messages of sending air to the compartment where men were alive; the word "salvage" is notable, also, as being the Admiral's choice over "rescue."

Simon Lake, the inventor of the even-keel submarine, says that the operation of putting an air-line into the torpedo-room is no more complex than boring a hole in the hull, even with an ordinary breast drill, and plugging the hose end into it as the drill was withdrawn.

Before the men died they opened the inside valve of the S-C tube, the "listening telescope" rising through the roof to project above the deck. The company which manufactures these tubes says it is "just a plumber's job" to fit a hose to them, requiring no more than five minutes and needing no special fittings. It was apparently not even considered at the time.

Instead, air was pumped into the ballast tanks until after midnight.

Then, when "Whitey" Michaels, a well-known and daring diver, was brought to the surface with a bad attack of the "bends"—air bubbles in the blood system, resulting from too long exposure to great pressure—the Falcon cast off the air-lines and steamed to Boston to place Michaels in a hospital.

The explanation was offered, when it returned in the evening of the next day, that it was the only vessel in the fleet possessing a decompression chamber, and that it was necessary to keep Michaels in this chamber to save his life; further, that the increasing roughness of the sea made diving impossible, anyway.

The officers who bellowed a brief excuse over the ships' sides at reporters who hung about in wave-tossed open fishing boats, angrily refused to speculate upon what the situation would be if the storm should suddenly subside with the Falcon still miles away.

Fortunately for the peace of conscience of the Falcon's officers and Admiral Brumby, the sea did stay rough all day Monday and all day Tuesday.

The rescue fleet lay about, idly, impotently. The submarine S–8 lay anchored above her stricken sister and listened for signals. A few came up, slowly hammered out, piteous and yet courageous calls for air and food and water, but always for air.

Long since the air in the torpedo-room had been exhausted. The six were living now upon the precious oxygen contained in five steel bottles, and they asked: "Is there any hope?"

The men up above lied, perhaps knowingly, perhaps not.

"There is hope," they signaled back.

IN mid-afternoon Tuesday the reporters in the fishing boats saw with amazement the Bushnell and the Falcon up-anchor and hurry into the harbor.

They followed the Navy ships into the harbor, and, while junior officers howled angry orders to keep off, the newspaper men called for the Admiral. He came to the rail and identified himself by pointing to the gold braid and leaves on his uniform cap.

One newspaper man called to him: "Have you quit?"

The Admiral's answer was explosively negative.

"Then why did you come in?" he was asked.

There was another angry rumble. "Because I wanted to," he shouted, and stalked into his cabin, out of earshot of other annoying inquiries.

The attitude of hostility toward the press—an attitude that this was purely a Navy matter, and that the public had no right to be interested in what was being done to save six men imprisoned at the sea-bottom—was relaxed only once in the first three days of the "rescue."

The exception was Captain Struthers's courteous reception of a boat-load of newspaper men Monday afternoon. He assisted them in boarding the Bushnell, and offered coffee and sandwiches. But what they wanted was information.

They asked what was being done, what was going to be done, what could be done. He hesitated, evaded. They asked if further messages had been received from the doomed six. He said vaguely that there had been one "some time that morning about oxygen bottles." They asked for its literal reading. They asked if the names of the imprisoned six had not been communicated in any of the messages. They asked many questions, and got few answers.

They went ashore, and found that the information they sought, and which in some cases the Bushnell's commander had denied knowing, had been given out at Washington.

IT was on Tuesday, the day marked by the Admiral's unexplained retreat from the open sea to the harbor's comfort, that the possibility of introducing an air-line by way of the S-C tube was first mentioned.

Until that time the discussion of getting air to the men in the S–4 had centered about introducing oxygen bottles into the torpedo tubes, a process necessitating the fitting of water-tight collars about the bottles to make it fit the tubes.

Then, apparently, some one recollected that the S-C tube, or listening device projecting up through the deck from the torpedo-room, might afford an inlet. Fitted with a petcock valve inside, it provided a two-inch pipe through which air might be pumped.

Junior officers were asked—for those in authority did not care to be asked questions — why this had not been thought of while the divers were down Sunday afternoon. They said, defensively, that the process was also one requiring special fittings, and would take time.

A sailor commented in a low voice: "Any dumb plumber could do it in five minutes."

The even easier method of merely boring a hole in the hull and quickly plugging it with the end of an air-line was dismissed as totally unfeasible.

On these two days while the fleet lay idle it was supplemented by the arrival of tugs towing pontoons, by two great derrick lighters from Brooklyn. These devices, necessary to any operation with a view to raising the submarine, had been started long after the news of the S–4's sinking.

The pontoons had not been started until Sunday morning, instead of Saturday evening, and one of them, springing a leak, held half of them back a full day in the slow tow from Brooklyn to Provincetown.

BUT all was in readiness when Wednesday dawned. The bright sun showed a sea that was smooth and clear. Within the harbor the water scarcely rippled, and outside Long Point the waves were as slight as on any fine summer day. Yet the press boats, hurrying out with the expectation of finding divers busy and rescue operations progressing with feverish haste, found nothing being done. At eleven o'clock no diver had gone over the side.

At one o'clock the newspaper men dis-

(*Continued on page 70*)

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A Son of the Samurai

By ADACHI KINNOSUKE

I RUSHED into the presence of my father unannounced and without ceremony:

"August father-sir," I gasped. I had run all the way from school. "August father-sir, I—I"— I did not go any further. A look from father stopped me. I had forgotten the formality of a polite greeting, I was so excited. I immediately fell upon my knees and touched the mat with my forehead:

"Tadaima kaitte mairimashita," said I.

The formal greeting restored my poise instantly. And this precisely is the way small Japanese folks learn why polite bows and greetings have been invented. I went on:

"Honorable father-sir, deign to give me a sword."

IT is important to mention my age; I was a little over eight then. It is also pertinent to point out a historic fact here that the law forbidding the Samurai to wear their swords had been enacted in the year I was born. The happier days of Elder Nippon were but a memory then. We were in the New Era. Father said nothing. He just kept on looking at me. And I added:

"Not a wooden one—a real sword, father-sir."

"And what are you going to do with it?" said he at last.

I answered without hesitation and clearly: "Father-sir, I am going to kill a boy with it."

"Quite an enterprise," said father in a quiet, impersonal tone of voice. "Do you feel like telling me who the boy is? Or am I meddling too much with your personal affairs?"

I opened up and told him everything. I felt quite proud and happy about it all, I remember. The boy's name was Sankichi. He was nearly twice our age —more than fourteen years old. And he was about twice our size. But he was in our class at school. Because he was a son of a merchant, he had not the scholarly heritage of the Samurai children. His parents did not—could not—help him in his studies at home, as ours could. But he was very strong, even for his age. Also very bad. On that particular day he had caught a little classmate and neighbor of mine, Masami, and rolled him down the high embankment of the old castle moat. The moat had been drained almost dry then. Masami naturally splashed right into the mud. We had a terrible time to fish him out.

Now we belonged to the same gang, Masami and I, and, what's more, I happened to be at the time the *Gaki Daisho,* or the Starving Ghost Chieftain, of the gang. A disgrace like that had to be washed—and washed at once—in the blood of the offender. Ducking Masami in the muddy bottom of the castle moat was plastering the honor of our gang with mud. All the older boys in the school said so. The very honor of the Samurai was involved—they told us. And the beautiful part of it all was, we could fight Sankichi all we wanted, because he was so much older, bigger, and stronger than we were.

So I wanted a sword. I thought I was entitled to it, being the son of a Samurai, although small.

"Hum-m-m!" said father; "hu-m!"

He closed his eyes; he seemed to pass out of the world. There was something peculiar in the way he acted.

AT last father opened his eyes. He pointed to a bookcase of white paulownia wood in one corner of the room and said:

"Hand me the 'Ron-go.'" He had to repeat the order before I sparked with understanding. It was so unexpected. For the "Ron-go" is one of the Four Books of the Confucian cult. The Chinese call it "Lunyu," and our American friends know it under the name of the "Analects" of Confucius.

I had asked for a sword, and my father told me to bring forth a copy of perhaps the most imposing collection of the Words of Wisdom. The distance between the sword and the book may not be great. It was big enough to completely bewilder and drown my childish mind.

I obeyed, of course. For all of us children of the Samurai families, like the members of the Light Brigade, were not to reason why. Those were still the golden days of parental authority in Nippon. But I obeyed in a trance.

FATHER took the book from my hand and opened it on a low desk, called *tsukue,* at which we were seated. It was at the twenty-third paragraph of Book XV. It is one of the most famous passages of the Four Books, and runs something like this:

"Tsekung asked, saying: 'Is there one word that covers the rule of conduct for one's entire life?'

"The Master answered and said: *'Shu,* perhaps. Do not do to others what you do not wish for yourself.'"

"Read it again," said father.

I took my eyes off the book and recited it out of memory. It was not a hard passage to remember.

"You recite it as if you understand the meaning of it. Do you?" I told him I thought I did.

"Well," said father, "do you still wish me to give you a sword?"

"Certainly, honorable father-sir, if you would deign," said I with simple boyish eagerness, "I want a sword."

"I was afraid of it," said father. "Well, repeat the words of the Great Sage once more." And he pointed down to the open book on the *tsukue.*

I read on: "Tsekung asked, saying: 'Is there one word that covers the rule of conduct?'" I stopped abruptly, and looked up at my father. For just then —and for the first time—I "smelt the rat."

I have never forgotten the incident. For that was how I came face to face with what might be called the central creed of Confucius.

NOW the character *"shu"*—which we Japanese pronounce *"jo"*—does not mean "reciprocity," as Dr. James Legge, perhaps the most famous translator of the Confucian texts, renders it. Reciprocity means that Japan should close her doors to her friends of the United States because of the American exclusion law. It is difficult to discover anything quite so contrary to the meaning of *"shu."* Nor does it mean "sympathy," as some other translators have it. In the whole bewildering wealth of the English language there is no such word as *"shu."* It is made up of two characters, one meaning "heart" and the other "just as." It means, from its simple deriva-

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tion, therefore, "even as your own heart." And heart here does not merely cover the emotional part of man and stop there. It takes in the so-called intellectual and spiritual sides of him also. It means, therefore, to act toward others even as you would with your own heart. And, going still further, it means to think of and feel about others even as you would with your own soul. The entire Golden Rule does not quite cover the whole meaning of *"shu,"* therefore.

But even *"shu"* did not seem to satisfy the Master, it seems. He was a cautious soul, Confucius. And he knew better than most the temper of the time and the mental peculiarity of his countrymen. Hair-splitting with them was at once a joyous and very serious pastime of life. So the Master added: "Do not do to others what you do not wish for yourself"—making it as alibi-proof as possible, showing that the negative side of the rule held as well as the positive.

I used to hear many old-fashioned Christian missionaries work themselves into pious eloquence on the shortcoming of Confucius and his teachings over this very passage. Confucius was inferior and inadequate simply because he put the Golden Rule in the negative. All of which seems to show that cautiousness even like that of the Master is not always paid with the golden coin of appreciation. It was not their fault, of course. Putting their trust in Dr. Legge, in their innocence of the meaning of *"shu,"* has its drawbacks.

I TOLD a whopper once. And I told it to my father-above.

If I told that to anybody else—even to the old Lord of the Clan, who was still living then, or to the Premier of the Empire, or to the ex-President of the United States, Mr. Ulysses S. Grant, who visited Japan a few years before that, it wouldn't have amounted to a hill of beans.

But, of course, I had to go and tell it to the one and only person in all the world who was honor bound to make it the outstanding event of my childhood days.

I was not quite ten years old then. So it was some time ago. But I can see it now in all its minute details without shutting my eyes—see it much more vividly than the movie show I saw last night.

It was a beautiful day in late July. But the afternoon was hot. My father was taking his nap. I walked past the polished veranda just outside of the room. I have known many cats in my day, but none which could have stepped softer than I did that afternoon. I knew why I was pussy-footing so gently; father would have known that too even better if only he were awake.

Once out of the rustic gate of our home, I walked as boldly as a homing knight. Before I had covered a couple of hundred steps down the quaint street of Samurai mansions I saw Jiro cross my path. If a stray dog or anything as respectable had crossed my path, nothing would have happened. But Jiro was our neighbor's boy, a year younger than I. I knew he had the habit of talking a lot about things which were none of his business. His case was desperate, because he used to commit crimes like that right along, without knowing he was sinning in the least. Naturally, I couldn't leave him behind. On the kind of odyssey I was launching myself I felt the need of covering my tracks as I went along. So I yelled out to him:

"Come on along, you stepson of a one-legged snail. Can't you move? Seen a little monkey turn into a fish? I'm training mine to do the trick." By little monkey, I meant Jiro, but then I knew he did not have sense enough to guess it.

He followed me like a pup. The Hozu River flowed a couple of miles beyond the old castle of Kameyama, clear as crystal, and always in a thundering frenzy, as if all the gods were racing it to the sea.

As I got to the bank and stripped for a plunge, I saw three men fishing for *ayu*. I told Jiro to hold my clothes. I had no idea that the little monkey had

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the nerve to follow me into the boiling current. I ran up a shoulder of a huge rock jutting over a turn of the stream where it boiled and churned like a flood of a billion diamonds and pearls. I kicked myself off and dived into the water. I could swim like a little *ayu*—which belongs to the salmon family, but as far from it as ambrosia is from a vegetable. I swam out of the pool, down the stream, and reached the opposite stretch of sand, warm and golden in the sun.

As I turned and looked at the opposite bank, where I had left Jiro, I saw one of the three fishermen throw away his rod. It made me blink; for an *ayu* fisherman to throw his precious rod away, and as roughly as he did, was one of the most astounding sights I ever saw. The two other fishermen were rushing about and acting funny too. And I could not see a shadow of Jiro anywhere.

Then I saw the fisherman who had thrown away his rod take a running dive into the river, with all his clothes on. He was a great swimmer—from the way he cut through that whirling pool; he came to the surface for a second, and then went down again. Repeated the same thing for half a dozen times. Presently I saw him wade out of the stream not far from where I stood, with the white little body of Jiro tucked under his arm.

I had never seen a small boy remain dead as long as Jiro did. All that time the fisherman worked on him. I wondered how he ever managed to drink so much water. But in the end Jiro "caught back his own breath again," as we say.

The fisherman asked me a lot of questions, and I remember telling him where Jiro lived. But I did not waste much time in getting home.

THAT night—long after the evening meal—I was summoned to my father's room.

Where was I in the afternoon? I told father a kind of truth: "I went out to the Hozu to play."

"Of course you did not go into the river? Didn't forget my orders?" said father-above, his eyes without any angles or thorns about them, but steadily upon me.

"N-n-u-m no, father-sir," said I, firmly—at least the "father-sir" part of it.

"Why didn't you go in to swim?"

That was easier to answer: "You told me not to—under no circumstances whatever—never when you were not with me."

"How many times did I tell you that?"

"About as many times as there were bamboos in the bush," I told him.

That seemed to him a satisfactory answer. But he was not through. "You did not take any boy along with you?"

"No, father-sir," I said, more firmly than ever.

There was not a trace of anger or excitement in father's voice. "A rather complete answer," said he. And he dismissed me for the night. But as I was stepping out of his room he quietly remarked: "If you wish to see me for any reason, just come to me—you wouldn't bother me at all. Don't be afraid of disturbing me. Do you understand? I shall be glad to see you at any hour tonight. If I happen to be asleep, wake me. It will be all right." He seemed so gentle, so calm and considerate.

If I had been a few years older, I might easily have sensed a whole regiment of adult volcanoes and earthquakes masquerading under the silk and velvet of his gentle phrases. As it was, I let out a tremendous sigh of relief as I stepped out of father's room. The only thought in my little head was, how beautifully I had skated over the rubber ice. I almost shouted for joy—almost.

The bubbling merry mood did not last long. It did not last till I got to my own little room. There was something wrong somewhere. I could not say just where. Every night, before retiring, we children had been taught to fold our kimonos neatly. I used to fall dead asleep with the first fold I made. But that night, I remember, I was wide awake at the end of the task. I turned and twisted a lot in the bed, too. But the idea of going to my father that night and making a clean breast of the whole business never so much as entered my head.

I GOT up the following morning and saw the sun was in the sky—and shining brightly. I went to the fencing master. I didn't see Jiro there. I noticed that.

When I went home, I met my old nurse near the entrance porch. She had evidently been crying. As soon as she saw me she came to me and took me by the hand. And I saw her hand was trembling a good deal. In a tremulous voice she told me to bathe and change quickly, as my father was waiting to see me. She helped me to dress, and I noticed, in my childish way, she took a great deal of care in dressing me that day.

I found my father seated near the *tokonoma*. A *tokonoma* is a small alcove with a raised platform. On it, usually, one sees a flower arrangement, a sword rack, and on its wall a hanging picture called *kakemono*. Every pretentious Japanese room has it. On the sword rack in the *tokonoma* was a famous sword, an heirloom handed down in the family for centuries.

"Did you sleep well?" was the pleasant greeting from my father. I believe I squirmed a bit by way of answer. "I hope you've rested well," went on father. "You have a big day before you. You'll have to do a great deal for me to-day."

THEN he asked me if I knew what a badger was. Having heard at least a few thousand samples of that nice mixture of low-down knavery, cowardice, and folly of which the old badger seemed to have an exclusive patent and monopoly (for the nursery tales of Japan are simply loaded with the accounts of his wickedness), I told him I knew quite a lot about him.

"Yesterday you did quite a number of things, didn't you?" father asked.

Suddenly something flashed through my mind and told me that it was no use. So I said simply, "Yes, father-sir."

"Did you know I rather expected to see you last night? I was so sure you would come to me that I did not dare waste any of it in sleep—so very sure that you would come to me long before dawn."

I did not look up at him. But I knew full well that his keen eyes were steadily upon me. I suddenly acquired that magic power of seeing things without looking, given to most boys with a sick conscience.

"You did not come to me and tell me all. That is why I had to call you today to me. I am going to tell you all you did yesterday," said he. And he did. He told me everything I did do—and a lot more I did not know a thing about. Among other things, that Jiro had been brought home by the fishermen. And at that very hour he was fighting for life at the very door of death.

"And there is one more thing I shall have to explain to you," father said. And went on to point out just why a Samurai was not like a merchant or a dog-catcher. The Samurai always did

(*Continued on page 65*)

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Learned Men and Scientists

By DIXON MERRITT

A SCIENTIST, I find, is not a learned man. Or, at least, a scientific society is not a learned society. Perhaps that is a fact which both learned men and scientists already knew. I came by it through legitimate inference.

While the forty or so scientific societies that make up the American Association for the Advancement of Science were meeting in Nashville during Christmas week, the American Council of Learned Societies, with some twenty member organizations, was meeting in Washington.

Perhaps a partial list of those organizations will help to inform the American public, not of what learning is, but of where it resides: the American History Association; the Agricultural History Society; the American Political Science Association; the American Sociological Society; the American Economic Association; the American Statistical Association.

All of these and their associated societies have to do, by definition, with history. All of the others, the Nashville bunch, have to do with science.

So the question comes: What is history; and what is science?

I asked that question of my very good friend the cynic.

"History," he answered, "is a record of what ignorant and misguided mortals think has happened. And science is an agreed guess by equally ignorant and misguided mortals as to why those things happened."

I never agree with the cynic. By the same token, he never agrees with me. So, since I am a promoter of peace in the office as well as in the world, I am writing my answer without submitting it to him.

HISTORY is the record of what man has done; science is the record of what nature has done. Perhaps there should be added to each clause the words "and is doing." If there are any who would like it better that way, I am perfectly willing to amend the definition of science to read, "The record of what God has done and is doing." Such a definition, I know, is quite likely to offend both the irresistible evolutionists and the immovable Fundamentalists. But I do not care. I am much inclined to apply to them the wish that Andrew Johnson is said to have applied to Massachusetts and South Carolina—that they be "chained together, anchored at sea, and there remain, washed by the waves and cooled by the winds, until those who have been forced to associate with them invite them to come back."

The which, however, has little, or less, to do with the laying down of a rule for distinguishing a scientist from a learned man. My own definitions help but little, because man has accomplished what he has accomplished, if any, with the help of nature, and nature has done what it has done, both constructively and destructively, despite the hindrance of man, and certain of his ancestral forms.

Once the identification of a learned man was a simple matter. He smelled of the oil of the lamp. But now, thanks to the scientist, his weary head drops upon his tomes at midnight under an odorless effulgence. And it is the scientist now who smells of kerosene—the scientist, whether he be a pathologist seeking the end of hookworm disease or an automotive engineer seeking more miles to the gallon.

And so I conclude that, were we not bound by the tradition of dead ages, we might concede, even without argument, that scientists are learned. And I suppose we might concede, though perhaps only after some slight argument, that learned men are, in theory at least, scientific.

THERE is, essentially, no difference—or, at most, only a single difference. That difference is that, while an astronomer, a geologist, or a biologist cannot prove anything, a sociologist, an economist, or a statistician can prove anything. Perhaps there is also this subsidiary difference—that that which the scientist cannot prove is probably true, while that which the learned man can prove is probably untrue.

Take, for instance, the simple matter of the income tax. Everything concerning it has been definitely, conclusively, and finally proved with figures by the statisticians, who are so closely related to the economists that, as learned men, they are classed almost together. The American Economic Association devoted a session to this topic: Simplification of of the Federal Income Tax. All of the proof was paraded. And yet the chairman, himself an economist and statistician, Thomas Walker Page, remarked at the end of the discussion that the more the thing is simplified, the more mysterious it becomes.

Take, for another instance, the Emperor Tiberius. If anything ever was proved, the historians proved long ago that this person was a bad man. Still, Dr. Frank B. Marsh stood before the Ancient History Section of the American Historical Association and declared that no such thing is true.

The fact is that learned men are losing their learning, are becoming mere scientists. They are even descending to laboratory methods and actually are demanding endowment for research in history and such things. As if any learned man did not know what has happened in the world!

Only one more thing is needed to make scientists and learned men genuinely indistinguishable the one from the other class. That is, that scientists agree to throw an hypothesis on the scrap-heap when it is worn out and no longer fit to be worked with. Science is now sufficiently dignified that it really ought to stop wearing patched hypotheses. It can afford to get new ones.

HELP for the learned occupations in becoming scientific has come from a source from which some might not have expected it. The Supreme Council of Scottish Rite Masons of the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States has donated to George Washington University a million dollars for the establishment of a research School of Government.

This action should not be surprising. Masonry is in an essential sense the natural meeting-point of learning and science. Masonic scholars are of the Council of Learned Societies past, but they have the traditions of the Craft Guilds—which, after all, were the fathers in the faith of the numerous organizations which make up the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

And there, perhaps, is the explanation of why, heretofore, science has not been recognized as learned.

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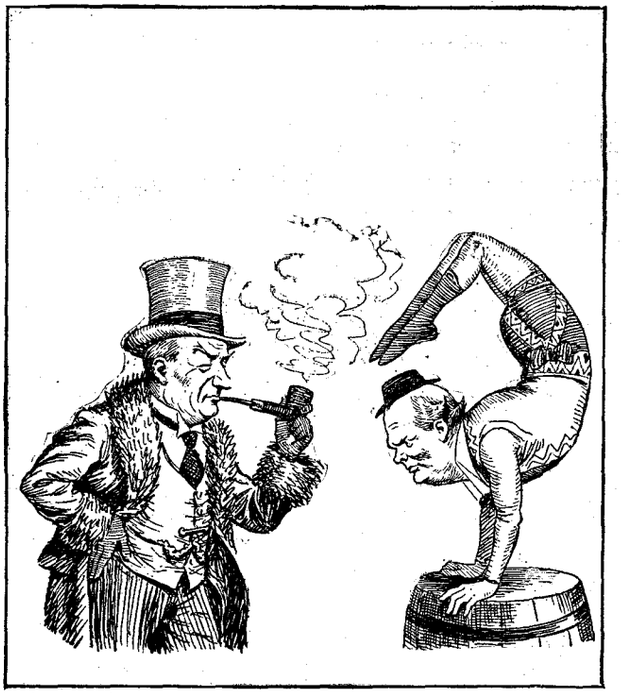
From European Papers

From Le Rire, Paris

It is well known that Litvinoff believes in the total suppression of all armies.

"Comrades, armies are suppressed! You are now turned into policemen"

From News of the World



The Exchequer acrobat

Circus-Manager Baldwin "You'd better remember, Winston, that the audience won't be satisfied unless you can easily make both ends meet.

From Irish Weekly Independent, Dublin

Bolshevism's "peaceful" penetration

From John Bull, London

Poor old Santa Claus!

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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

January 11, 1928

Safe as a Railway Train

COLONEL LINDBERGH'S air tour through Central America has been unique not only in its general plan but in the fact that in parts he passed over jungles and mountains where no land route exists. He has been welcomed with enthusiasm in Guatemala, British Honduras, and San Salvador, and will be in Panama before this paper reaches its readers. When President Bosque, of San Salvador, expressed the hope that when Lindbergh got home he would stay on the ground and not take any more risks, Lindbergh, with a smile, replied, "Thanks very much. But in the United States we now think that flying is no more risk than taking a train."

Not so much is said as used to be about "Lindbergh's luck." He had plenty of misadventures in his early days, as all know who have read "We;" but he gets out of trouble and keeps out of trouble by alertness of mind as well as of eye, coolness and fast thinking in emergencies, and thoroughness in proving to himself that in every point his flying-machine is in perfect condition. An incident in Belize illustrates this: A rumor arose that his motor had gone wrong, that a special mechanic had been cabled for, that the rest of the tour was off! But Lindbergh explained that all the fuss came from the fact that he had spent a couple of hours draining his carbureter in order to make sure that there was no water in it. There wasn't; he didn't think there was; he simply had to be sure.

Lindbergh is the best proof that safety and surety can go hand in hand with high courage and love of adventure.

Mexico Respects the Law of Nations

WITH a swiftness that could hardly have been expected, Mexico has altered the situation between her and the United States for the better.

The main difficulty in relations between Mexico City and Washington, as is well known, has been due to Mexican policy toward foreign oil interests. The trouble dated from the adoption of the new Mexican Constitution, declaring subsoil resources the property of the nation, and the passage of a Petroleum Law calling upon oil companies to secure confirmation of their titles, subject to concessions for fifty years. The companies contended that this was plain abrogation of property rights. The United States Government supported the claim on behalf of companies owned by its citizens; and the result was a diplomatic deadlock.

Recently the Mexican Supreme Court, in a decision on a test case, declared these Petroleum Law articles affecting rights acquired before the adoption of the new Constitution to be unconstitutional under its terms. At once, and without waiting for four confirmatory decisions required to establish the Court's ruling, President Calles proposed new Petroleum Law provisions to the Mexican Congress. The main difference was to abolish the fifty-year concession principle opposed by the companies and substitute a plan for confirmation of title without limitation of time. Both houses of the Congress have passed the President's measure.

While the attitude of the Government at Washington remains undefined, pending careful consideration of the new law, there is no doubt that Mexico has taken a long step in demonstrating good faith and good will which should do much to strengthen Mexican credit in the United States.

On our side praise is due to Ambassador Morrow—and to his unofficial associate envoys, Lindbergh and Will Rogers. Without the change in Mexican feeling toward the United States which they have effected, even President Calles with all his hold on Mexican confidence probably would have found the result difficult to achieve.

Though good will alone cannot reconcile conflicting interests between nations, it can, as in this instance, produce the effective desire to see conflicting interests reconciled.

The Southwest and Mexico

LINDBERGH'S flight to Mexico City came at a time when it helped to reinforce most effectively other influences for promoting good feeling between Mexico and this country.

The improvement in Mexican relations has been registered specifically in that barometer of Mexican conditions—our own Southwest. The evidence of this improvement is not to be found in border-State enthusiasm for President Calles or his policies, but rather in the decrease of resentment and of moral support for movements against the Mexican administration. The Southwest has evidently made up its mind that Calles and his group will probably remain in power indefinitely, and that it will accommodate itself to its neighbor's Government as agreeably as possible.

Big mining companies, for instance, which a year ago were reducing their operations materially in nearly all sections of the Mexican Republic are now proceeding in just the opposite direction. Some are actually extending their works. Rising prices of copper and other cheap metals have helped to bring about the change. So has the recent decision of the Mexican Supreme Court that some of the more drastic and confiscatory sections of the oil and mining laws are unconstitutional.

Small operators, claim holders, and prospectors are not yet so encouraged. They still insist that the heavy taxes, special and direct, the complicated registration fee, and the drastic requirements of the Mexican labor laws make it impossible for them to operate or develop their properties. But even these hope for good effects from the wider activities of the large corporation and are no longer quite so insistent that their only chance lies in the elimination of the "radical Sonora gang" from the capital.

On the commercial side the evidence is less tangible; for, whether better-disposed toward the United States or not, Mexico is hardly in an economic position to increase her buying accounts; but Southwestern salesmen traveling in Mexico feel that their reception is more cordial than it was a few months ago.

Most significant of all, perhaps, is the Southwest's abandonment of a habit of predicting that the revolution against Calles was to break out "within the next two or three months." Such prophecy was in most instances fathered less by inside information than by a wish for

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more freedom of action for American enterprise. The silence of the prophets indicates that revolution has ceased to be expected or so ardently desired.

Besides Colonel Lindbergh's flight to Mexico City and the oil and mining laws decision there have been two other factors in the production of better feeling and better working relations between Mexico and the United States. One of these is President Calles's evident feeling that, since the revolutionary attempts against him have been disposed of, he can afford to ride his anti-American program less ostentatiously. The other factor, which may be most important of all, has been Ambassador Morrow's tact.

Whatever the causes, the better feeling and the better working conditions which have been produced provide an atmosphere in which peace and understanding between the two Republics of the United States and Mexico stand a better chance of being lastingly secure.

Stabilizing Football Rules

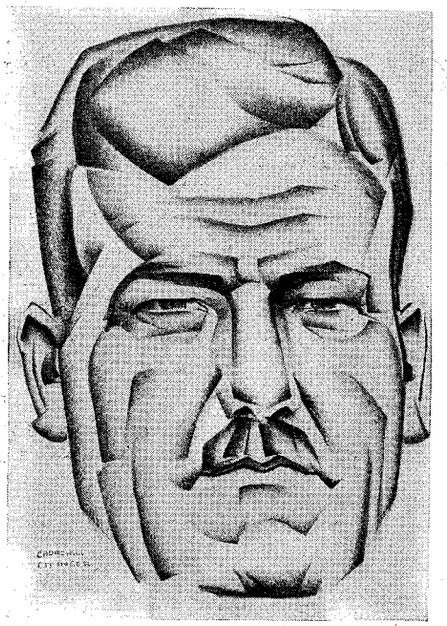
SURFACE results of the Christmas-week meetings of the various collegiate sport bodies who seize this time of the season for a saturnalia of sport talk were unimportant. There was nothing to furnish topic for conversation for the followers of football who like their rule changes, for there were only two suggestions made, both by one body.

And with these two suggestions, neither of them radical, we come to the most interesting body of those convened during the week of meetings, the American Association of Football Coaches. E. K. Hall, chairman of the Football Rules Committee, announced that there would be no football rules changes. So that ended the talk of that nature.

But there were most important changes in the personnel of the game's ruling body. The Rules Committee itself was diminished from thirteen members to ten; but, in addition, three members of the coaches' association were named as "observers." These men are to sit in on the meeting of the Committee and make suggestions.

Five of the regular members of the Rules Committee are football coaches. With the three "observers," this gives the coaches a representation of eight out of a total of thirteen.

Initial and most obvious conclusions to be drawn from the results of the meetings are that the game of football, which has been changed practically every year, has at last become stabilized. Further indication of this comes from the report of Mr. Hall that, during 1928, a group of experts were to rewrite the entire code as it now stands and simplify it for permanent use. That means that, as far as can be seen now, there will be no changes in 1929, either. Perhaps football at last has arrived, as have the other games, at a point where it will stand for all time.



President Calles

(*See page 53*)

Football—Game or Spectacle?

STABILIZING football rules is interesting enough; but the power that was won by the coaches is the most interesting of all the week's development. These men, originally hired by various colleges to teach football, have today come close to the point of running the game themselves.

Previous to the compromise effected by the Rules Committee, which permitted three "observers" on the Committee from the coaches, certain members of the coaching body met in secret session and were on the point of seceding from the game and setting up their own rules and ruling body. Had their plan gone through, it would have been interesting to see whether the colleges involved would have dismissed these men or have capitulated to them, thus handing over entire control of the sport.

Another interesting sidelight of the meeting was the talk of D. L. Griffith, Commissioner of Athletics for the Big Ten of the Mid-West colleges. Mr. Griffith chose the topic, "Have We Reached the Saturation Point of Football?" and he discussed it from the amazing angle of salesmanship. He dwelt on the prosperity of the Nation, good roads leading to stadia throughout the country—all from the standpoint of customers, and entirely on the assumption that the game was a public spectacle for sale to the public and not at all that it was still a game played by boys.

Perhaps control by coaches would not be such a bad thing, after all; for these men certainly are more interested in the playing of the game than in anything else.

A Dilatory Congress Becomes Too Prompt

CONGRESS, after all, is entitled to a certain measure of sympathy. Witness the pressure that has been put upon it in connection with bills for the reduction of income taxes.

Two reductions before the one pending, Congress was execrated because it did not pass the Tax Bill before time for the payment of the first installment of taxes on March 15. A great deal was said about the tremendous burden that was thus thrown on the Treasury Department and other Governmental agencies, a great deal about the hardships imposed upon taxpayers.

The administrative branch of the Government wished to have that particular Tax Bill promptly passed.

The reduction immediately preceding the one pending was passed, by prompt action on the part of Congress, before the first payment was due. And scant credit was given to Congress.

Now comes a Tax Reduction Bill which Congress is disposed to pass promptly, but which the administrative branch of the Government has discovered it does not want promptly passed, does not want passed until after March 15.

Senator Smoot, doubtless remembering the howl that was raised about the hardships of the delay caused by Congress two tax bills ago, has asked Secretary of the Treasury Mellon what hardships would result from such a delay now. And Secretary Mellon has replied, according to a press release sent out from the Treasury Department, that failure to pass the Tax Bill before March 15 "would occasion no loss to taxpayers or inconvenience either to them or to the Government from an administrative standpoint."

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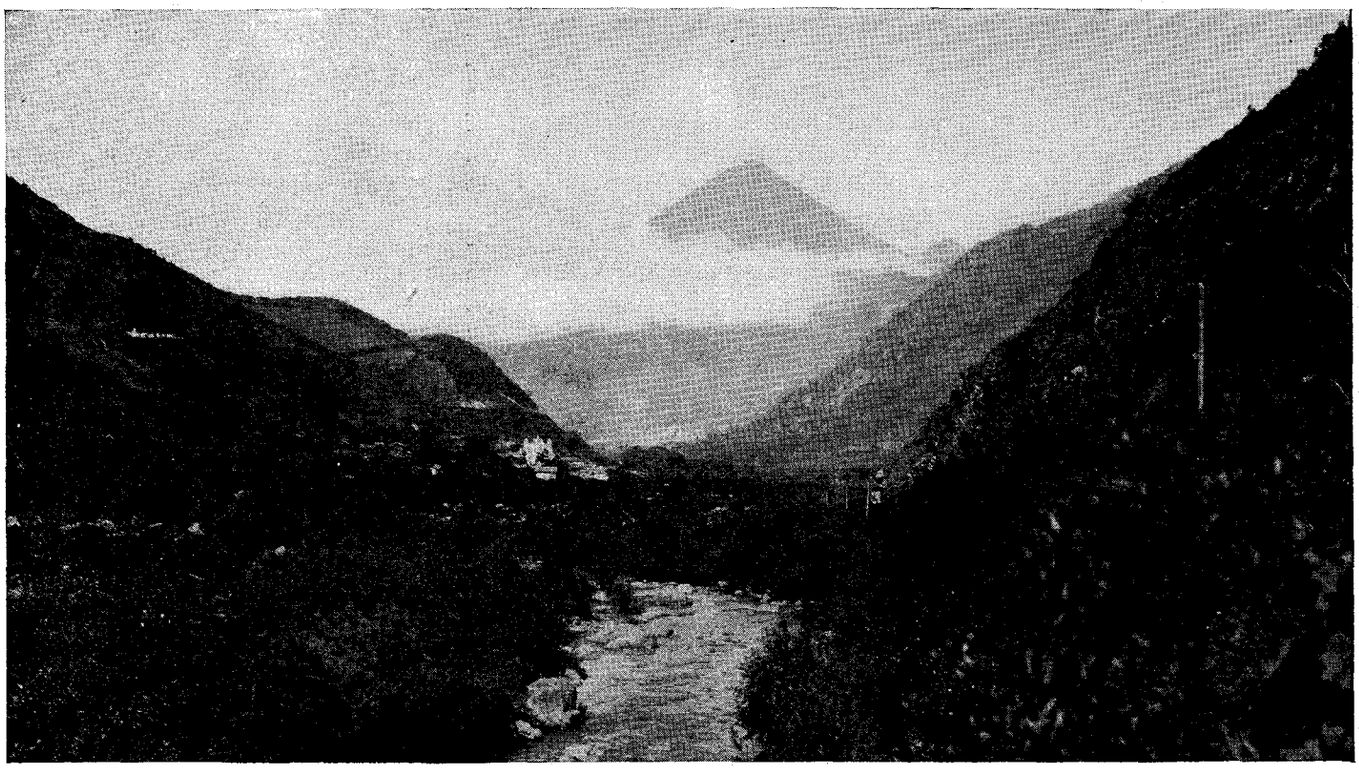

Underwood & Underwood

A NEW HAZARD FOR LINDBERGH

On his Central American trip he reports seeing several smoking craters. This is the Santa Maria Volcano in Guatemala

(See page 53)

It is true that the Treasury is probably justified in not wanting as great a reduction of taxes as Congress seems disposed to make. But it is hard to see how the very thing that was officially said to be responsible for so much trouble two tax bills ago should now be urged upon Congress as a course of action that would cause no trouble whatever.

The fact is, postponement of tax reduction would probably cause trouble; but not so much as the passage now of a reduction bill that would reduce revenues below the point of safety.

The Heaping Sugar-Bowl

UNCLE SAM can apparently count on continuing to satisfy his notorious taste for sweets cheaply during the new year.

A little while ago reports from Europe had it that Colonel José Tarafa, head of the Cuban Sugar Defense Committee, was about to clap a lid on the world's sugar-bowl. He was working for an international agreement to check the large production of sugar that has recently glutted the market and forced down prices, to the loss of sugar growers. He had persuaded Czechoslovakia, France, Germany, and Poland to join Cuba in a restriction plan, and was on his way to Holland to win over the owners of sugar plantations in the East Indies to the same point of view.

All this was bound chiefly to affect the United States, which consumes each year half of the world's sugar ration. Success of the plan would have meant literally millions of dollars in higher prices for sugar, taken in a few cents here and a few cents there from American households.

But the canny and cautious Dutch producers refused to agree to cut down output. And now British sugar growers are following suit, not only refusing to assent to the arrangement to curb output, but seeking a grant from Parliament to extend their plantations. Great Britain, like the United States, is a small producer and a large importer of sugar.

Human nature must seem to Colonel Tarafa very disheartening.

Cutting, of New Mexico

A LONG ISLAND Rooseveltian succeeds a Tennessee Jacksonian as United States Senator from New Mexico. And the difference may not be very great. So far as the State of New Mexico is concerned, it will have substantially the same sort of Senator in Bronson Cutting that it had in A. A. Jones—a hard-working servant of the State in National affairs. So far as the Republican Party is concerned, the appointment of Mr. Cutting brings a nominal accretion of strength, but whether or not it means an actual accretion of strength depends on circumstances. So far as the Senate is concerned, the appointment of Mr. Cutting adds a fifth party to its membership.

The Senate is now composed of about equal parts of Republicanism and Democracy, spiced with insurgency, and with a single dash of Farmer-Laborism in the person of Senator Shipstead. Now comes a dash of independence. Mr. Cutting is an Independent. Though nominally a Republican, he has since 1912 supported Democrats about as often as he has supported Republicans for public office in New Mexico.

Mr. Cutting has nothing, or next to nothing, in common with the radical group of nominal Republican Senators from the West, but he is likely to be much more genuinely independent than they.

Whether or not we should like to have more men of Cutting's type in the Senate will appear more clearly after a while. But he did not seek the appointment to fill out the unexpired term of Senator Jones. Governor Dillon gave it to him "on popular demand."

The fact ought to be apparent now that the country would be better off if

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more men came to the Senate as Mr. Cutting is coming.

Colonel Cutting's Critics

SENATOR CUTTING belongs to a wealthy and socially distinguished family of New York and Long Island, and did not become a resident of New Mexico until after his graduation from Harvard in 1910.

There are a good many people in the Southwest who regard him, consequently, as a sort of feudal lord devoted to the interesting if archaic enterprise of transforming New Mexico's 122,634 square miles into a Long Island gentleman's country estate. The fact that he has had experience as assistant military attaché at the American Embassy in London only adds color to this view of him. They do not exactly object to his gifts for the restoration of historic churches and ancient *fiestas*, or his generous loans to descendants of old Spanish provincials who are ambitious to get into the service station business, or his chaperonage of a carefully picked New Mexico delegation to the American Legion Convention in Paris. All these acts, they agree, are quite in the manner of the old-time grandees and *hacienda* proprietors. That he has been the financial good angel of Progressive, Democratic, and, lately, the Republican organizations shows, his critics think, merely that he is competent to act as patron in the manner of the twentieth century.

On his behalf it is acknowledged that other candidates for the appointment have used their means in the same manner.

The question is raised whether a State of New Mexico's size and vast interests can be taken care of in this way as well as Delaware has been by the Du Ponts.

Colonel Cutting's critics may yet be disarmed by his record in the Senate.

Can Science Predict Earthquakes?

STANDING at the crater of Mount Vesuvius a short time ago, Professor Akitune Imamura, famous Tokyo Imperial University authority on earthquakes and volcanoes, predicted an early and destructive Vesuvian eruption. The crater, it seems, is gradually filling up, just as it did before the great eruption of 1906.

Has science, then, already reached the point where it can predict volcanic eruptions and earthquakes with any degree of certainty? Hardly has it become an exact science yet, but there are good indications that it is likely soon to be, especially in the case of earthquakes. A way to give timely earthquake warning seems at last to have been found. And earthquakes are, of course, more worth accurate prediction than volcanic eruptions, for they are much more widespread in effect.

The same Professor Imamura has recently discovered that many earthquake shocks are preceded a few hours by a slow, minute, imperceptible local tilting of the earth's crust, much like the bending that may sometimes be seen to precede the final fracture of an overloaded timber. With an extremely delicate apparatus Imamura thus caught the Japanese quake of last spring—no mean quake, either—in the very act of sneaking up. He is now installing in various parts of Japan a network of these sensitive "clinographs"—not, by the way, to be confused with seismographs, which register actual shocks. They will announce hours ahead the least tilt by ringing an electric bell, thus giving time to clear people out of buildings. Essentially this promises to be a method of *immediate* prediction of *local* quakes.

But what of long-range prediction of widespread quakes?

Something Can Be Done

SEVERAL interesting developments of this nature have come to light within comparatively recent times. For example, Dr. Charles Davison, English seismologist, has just found from the records of the four thousand quakes since 1701 that there is an as yet unexplained concurrence between an observed earthquake periodicity and the well-known eleven-year sunspot periodicity. This discovery may help. Again, leading seismologists have recently given certain regions of the country a warning they do not take seriously enough to heart. Dr. T. A. Jaggar, of Hawaii, noted Government seismologist-vulcanologist, who literally dwells on the rim of Kilauea's vast three-mile crater watching the volcano's daily moods, is unwilling to exclude even New York City from the possibility of a major disaster, though he states that the steel skyscraper would suffer relatively little; until his death the late Professor J. B. Woodworth, of Harvard, repeatedly warned Boston of its risk as underground stresses accumulate near by; Dr. William Bowie, Chief Geodetist of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, says, "We may predict that, within the next century, a heavy destructive earthquake is likely to occur along the Atlantic coast;" Commander N. H. Heck, of the same Survey, intimated before the American Association for the Advancement of Science last month that the Mississippi Valley may look for a repetition of the great quake of 1811; and, finally, a tremendous stress is known to be accumulating in southern California, into which extends the same fault in the rocks that caused the San Francisco quake.

Why all these alarming predictions which scare timid people out of their wits? Because something can be done about earthquakes—specifically, the revision of building codes. This is exactly what Japan has undertaken. She is seeing that the big buildings now put up are built like Gibraltar. San Francisco, on the other hand, is doing the reverse; she has actually revised her building requirements downward — permitting weaker structures. Man, whose life span is short, forgets between disasters that the earth's life is long and that, geologically speaking, quakes have always occurred over much of the earth. Seismologists already know these dangers, but they have found it almost useless to warn about them.

The world has its fingers in its ears.

Peace in Oklahoma

CALM reigns once more in Oklahoma. Armed soldiers no longer haunt the Capitol. Legislators no longer slink furtively to a bootlegged session. The Senate surprised the lower house by dismissing the charges of impeachment and putting itself on record by a vote of 22 to 16 that the House of Representatives had no authority to convene itself and vote the impeachment charges. Thus ends for the present at least the confused and daily changing state of affairs as between the Governor, the courts, and the two branches of the State Legislature —a condition that has led one Eastern editor to suggest that the mulberry bush should have been chosen as the State flower of Oklahoma, for "the three branches of the Government did nothing but go round and round."

A little over four years ago there was a similar muddle when the Legislature called itself together for a special session on October 17 and Governor Walton called for a special session on October 11. Walton appealed to the anti-Klan sentiment; the Legislature held that this was a mere cloak for despotism and improper conduct, and in the end carried impeachment through with much aid

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Cartoons of the Week

Orr in the Chicago Tribune

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Under the mistletoe

From Edith Crawford Raymond, Dixon, Ill.

Hanny in the Philadelphia Inquirer

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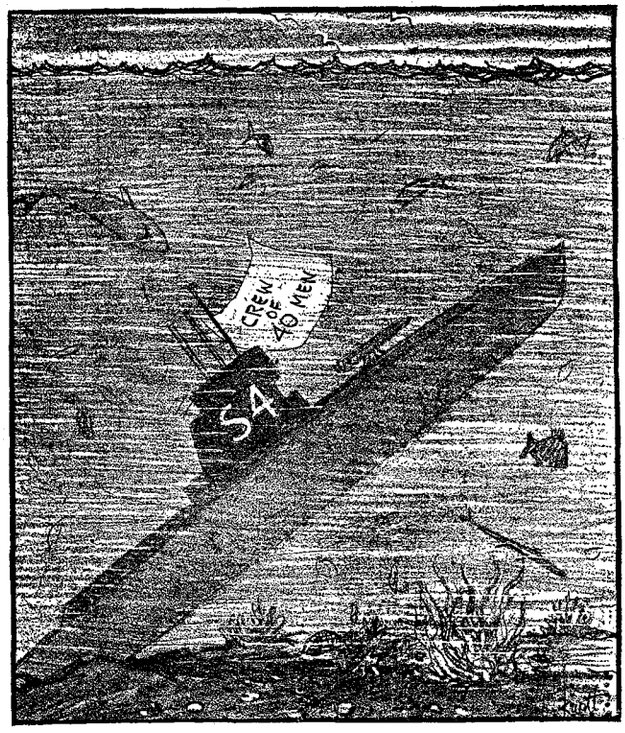
He isn't making an active campaign. Oh! No!!

From G. L. Snyder, Coatesville, Pa.

Knott for the Dallas News



As Magruder said: "Too much waste in the Navy"

Kirby in the New York World

Hog tight

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

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from those independents who adopted the slogan "We want neither Klan nor King."

Most of Oklahoma's difficulties have come from its extraordinary and interminable Constitution, which embodies all sorts of things which should have been enacted as statutes. It even went so far as to establish a flash test for kerosene and, if we remember rightly, to fix the length of sheets on hotel beds.

What Oklahoma seems to need most is a new Constitution.

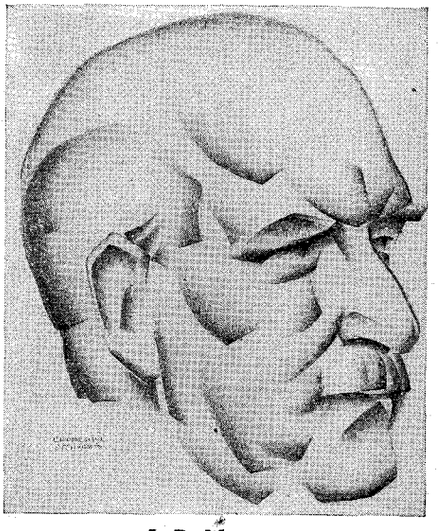
Economy vs. Construction

SINCE the disappearance of the mythical "official spokesman" from Washington press correspondence the stereotyped form of introducing reports of the President's views is, "It was made known from the White House today," etc. That line preceded the statement recently that the President believes the Army to be adequate for National defense, better prepared than at any previous time in the Nation's peace-time history, that Congress has been liberal in making Army appropriations, that he himself has been liberal in approving Army estimates, and that, in general, pressure for more money for the Army is both out of taste and out of date. At the same time it is said, on as good authority as can be had short of official confirmation, that the Secretary of War has reported to the President that there is a deficiency of $516,000,000 worth of arms, ammunition, and equipment necessary to meet the requirements of adequate armies from the time a war might begin to the time when the armies' needs could be met by production. According to this report, ammunition on hand would last an army of a million men in action only one hour, and production would catch up with probable consumption only after eighteen months. The Secretary is said to have requested the President to appoint nine civilian leaders to work out a systematic program.

Here is one instance in which a policy of economy seems to be at odds with a policy of efficiency.

Another instance appears to have arisen in the Department of Commerce. In his Message to Congress the President expressed the view that lands immediately benefited by measures for flood control in the Mississippi should pay a good share of the cost. The Secretary of Commerce, it is understood, believes that the Government ought to assume full authority over flood control and complete financial liability for it.

Of course, the country cannot have its cake and eat it too. It cannot insist that taxes be reduced and appropriations cut down, on the one hand, and yet, on the other hand, that the Government provide it with things that cost more money. Of course, the Government could be less wasteful; but democracy has never been successful in getting the most for its money. It has preferred to be wasteful and free.



J. P. Morgan

(See page 68)

To harmonize economy and construction may perhaps be performed; but it is a task that does not inspire popular enthusiasm.

Sergius Sazonov

AMONG those who have been cast for the rôle of scapegoat for the sin of the World War, Sergius Sazonov, who died recently in France, had many qualifications that made him seem suited to the part. In the first place, he was Russian and a Minister of the Czar, and czarism had such a bad name that any one of authority in that régime could be easily imagined an intriguer. In the second place, Sazonov was Russian Foreign Minister at the outbreak of the war, and sympathizers with Germany who blamed the Russian mobilization for the war found it easy to personify the menace of Russia in the figure of Russia's Foreign Minister. Then there was something in Sazonov's appearance that fitted the common idea of a plotter. His whole demeanor as well as his face suggested the man of sagacity and shrewdness which might easily be interpreted as craft. His small stature, his sharp features, accentuated by his closely cropped beard, his quick intelligence combined with capacity for thoughtful deliberation, his suavity—all combined to make him an ideal villain for this great tragedy of the nations.

But Sazonov was not the instigator, or even one of the instigators, of the war. He was not even a reactionary Russian. Although a Czarist official and one unsympathetic with such revolutionists as Lvov and Miliukov, he was known as a "liberal." And after the war he was openly a disbeliever in autocracy. So firmly did he believe that even the future of Russia would not be autocratic that he expected the autocratic régime of the Bolsheviki to break down.

When the war broke out in 1914, Sazonov, then Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, was not yet fifty years old; but with the collapse of Russia in the war less than three years later Sazonov's career was ended. It is true that he took part in the Omsk Government during the early period of the Revolution, and was vigorous in his opposition to the Bolshevist régime; but he had ceased then to be a world figure except in history. He was barely more than sixty years of age when he died.

As long as the causes of the war are discussed Sazonov's career and influence on European history will be a factor in the debate.

Candidate and Platform

THE making of party platforms, particularly of Democratic platforms, has been for a hundred years wasted labor—if it is true, as has been frequently said in recent days, that the principles of Thomas Jefferson will be sufficient platform for that party in the Presidential campaign of this year. "We indorse the principles of Thomas Jefferson" might have been the standing report of twenty-five quadrennial Committees on Resolutions.

So far as appears on the surface, the advocacy of a platform thus simple and thus impossibly complex does not come from Governor Smith or Governor Ritchie or Senator Reed, but from those who are in sympathy with the candidacy of any or all of these gentlemen, the three potential candidates who are supposed to be not in accord with "Volsteadism."

The measure of their unaccord may or may not be the same, but their method of stating it is somewhat different. Governor Smith's position, as it appears from his acts and utterances, seems to be that, while it is the duty of a State to enforce a Federal law, there is no need for a State enforcement law supplement-

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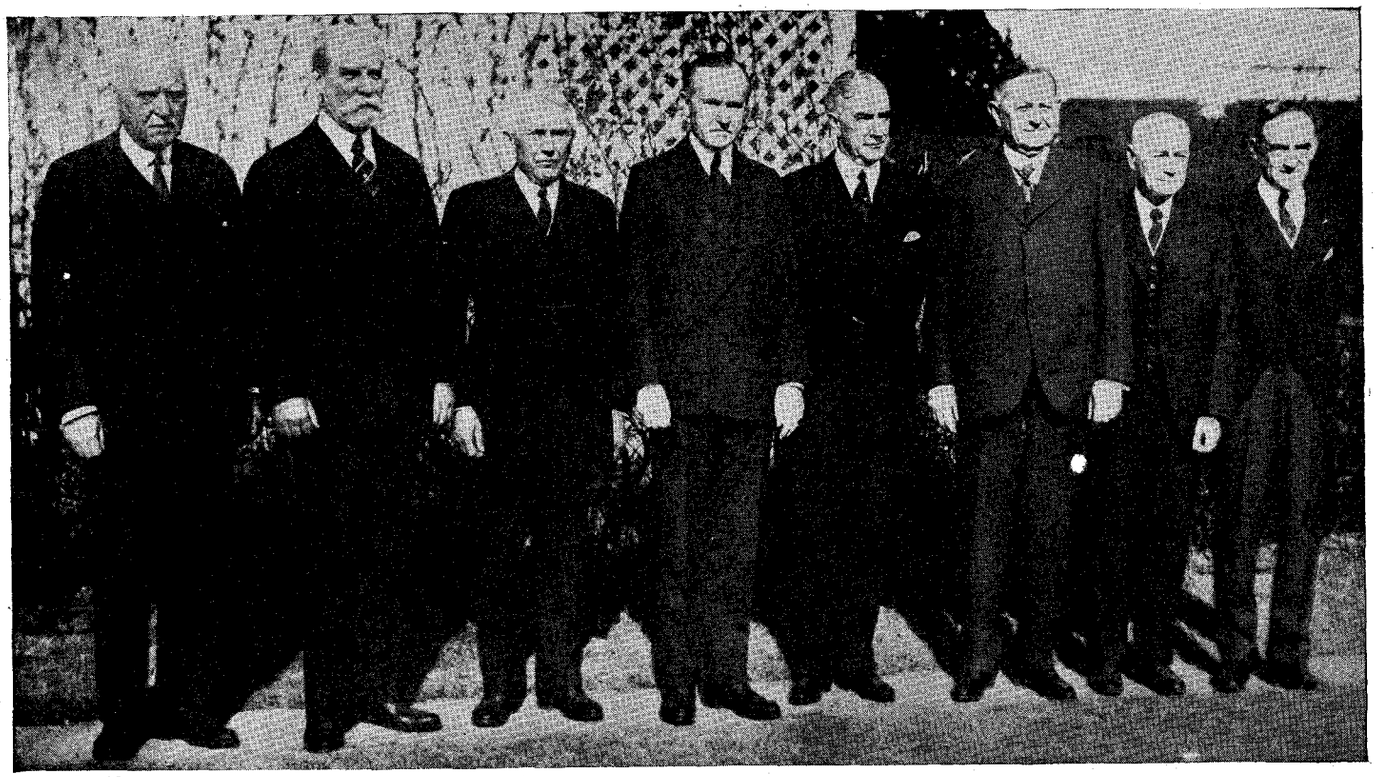

Wide World

American delegates to the Pan-American Congress, which begins in Havana January 16, assembled in the White House grounds after their meeting with President Coolidge on December 28. Left to right they are: Morgan J. O'Brien, New York, Charles Evans Hughes, Frank B. Kellogg, President Coolidge, H. B. Fletcher, former Senator Oscar Underwood, James B. Scott, and Dr. L. S. Rowe, Director-General of the Pan-American Union

ing the Federal law. Governor Ritchie has recently been quoted in the daily newspapers as taking the position that, since the Volstead Law is a Federal law, it should be enforced by the Federal Government, and that the State Government (at least the State Government of Maryland) should have no part in it whatever. Senator Reed's position has not been put in words, but is taken on faith by the anti-Volsteaders. When (and if) Senator Reed makes a statement, it will probably be more sophisticated, more in accord with formula for statesmanlike utterance, but the anti-Volsteaders will no doubt accept it as meaning exactly the same that the other two are accepted as meaning—that a State has the right to interpret for itself the meaning and application of a Federal law.

Whether that is the real meaning of any of them is open to question, but it is the meaning accepted by those modificationists known as anti-Volsteaders. That designation is not meant to apply to all who would like to see the Volstead Law amended, and by no means to all who would like to see the Eighteenth Amendment removed from the Constitution.

The point is this: That the effort to have the Democratic Party committed to this policy, not by making it a plank in the platform, but by calling it "the principles of Thomas Jefferson," will probably be opposed and resented, may even bring on a row quite as disastrous as was the Smith-McAdoo feud. Few men in the Democratic Party will concede to any other men, though they be members of that party, the right to decide what the principles of Jefferson are in their application to present-day issues. There is no agreement, or basis of agreement, in fact, as to whether this thing or that thing among current policies is Jeffersonian, no agreement or basis of agreement as to who is a Jeffersonian. There are even those who believe, with more than a little sound basis, that President Coolidge is the most thorough Jeffersonian now in public life.

It is not even impossible that a nominee may be made in the Democratic Convention of 1928, as one was made another time, by the presentation of the report of the Committee on Resolutions.

The Woman and the Visa

WHEN President Coolidge issued an Executive Order requiring non-immigrant aliens who wished to come to the United States for a temporary visit to procure a visa from an American consul stating that fact, he had two good reasons. There had been uncertainty about these cases, and in some instances the visitors had been detained and annoyed. On the other hand, if record were not kept, the privilege could easily be abused —who otherwise could tell whether the temporary visit plea were true or false?

The legality of the President's order has been tested in an odd way. An Englishwoman tried to dodge it. Only two reasons suggest themselves: one, that she didn't mean to visit and return; the other, that she resented what she may have regarded as an interference with her personal independence. She came from England to Canada, failed to get the regular visa from Canada to the United States because our Consul in Montreal held that she was trying to evade the law, crossed the line to Vermont, and was held as an alien entering the United States without a visa.

The case was taken into the courts, and a Federal Circuit Court has just held that the order was not based on war legislation now repealed, and that the granting of a visa is not a ministerial but a discretionary act, especially as every consul had been directed by the State Department to satisfy himself of the temporary nature of a proposed visit.

Why not play fair? It irks no one to comply with the order, and it stops a hole that needs stopping.

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The Crutch of Authority

MOST people most of the time and all people some of the time feel the need of a pope. They want some one to tell them what to think or what to do, some one to take from their shoulders the responsibility of decisions.

When a seeker for relief from the burden of making up his own mind asks for an answer to his question, the better will he like the answer if it is unqualified and explicit. He does not want advice; he wants decision. The pious Roman Catholic finds it in the confessional. But there are others besides pious Roman Catholics who at one time or another want their minds made up for them.

It is because there are many who crave such answers to their problems that one of the popular features of the contemporary daily press is Dr. Cadman's syndicated answers to questions. Of course, not all the questions that are sent to Dr. Cadman are asked for the purpose of getting his counsel. Some of them are undoubtedly sent by people who wish to challenge his views, others by those who are interested in knowing what a man like Dr. Cadman thinks of subjects that are revolving in their minds. Of readers who turn to Dr. Cadman's column not all by any means do so because they hope Dr. Cadman has decided some question that they do not want to decide. But the reason for this syndicated feature is undoubtedly to be found in the very common human desire to have one's own thought and conduct planned and guided by another. To those who for the time being are self-reliant, who trust implicitly their own judgment, who insist on thinking for themselves, who rarely seek advice and never willingly accept authority, the impulse to ask such questions as those Dr. Cadman answers is incomprehensible. But even they may some day find their self-reliance shaken, some problem of life too baffling for their limited experience, and themselves secretly wishing that they might become passenger instead of captain and put the responsibility for part at least of the voyage of their lives on some one else.

The desire to shift responsibility from one's own shoulders to the shoulders of another is not to be confounded with sensible obedience, as in a disaster at sea or in some other emergency, to the orders of the one in command. On such occasions or under such circumstances of life as those which call for concerted action, the subordination of one will to another, whether it is the will of the individual players on a football team to the will of the field general, or the will of the individual orchestral player to the will of the conductor, or the will of the worker in a factory to the will of a manager, is essential to the group and may be essential to the survival of the individual. Such subordination to a definite end is essentially different from the desire to let another take one's own place at the steering-wheel of one's own life.

The desire to shift responsibility to some one else is not confined to the ignorant or the uneducated. It is by no means necessarily a mark of intellectual inferiority. It is sometimes a sign of a lack of self-confidence, of a low valuation of one's own judgment. Weariness may result from a long-continued effort in making difficult decisions, especially in the face of opposition or indifference, as it may result from any effort. Sometimes, therefore, the desire to shift responsibility is simply the sign of a tired will. But, whatever the cause, the desire to escape responsibility for decisions is an experience that comes sooner or later to most of us.

Among many this desire is not an occasional experience, but a constitutional trait. It may even become a habit, a conviction, a creed. Wherever morality is accepted as an external code, laid down for us by a Church or a Book, this desire to yield one's will becomes a form of religion.

This is what Sabatier has well named the religion of authority. It is what is meant by many people when they speak of Christianity. Indeed, it seems hard for Europeans, among whom state religion has prevailed either in a Catholic or in a Protestant form, to think of religion in any other way. A recent scholarly book on "Christianity," by Charles Guignebert, Professor of the History of Christianity in the University of Paris—a book already referred to in these columns—is based wholly on this conception of Christianity as a religion of code and creed.

When Sigmund Freud, the Viennese psychologist who originated psychoanalysis, says, in a small book recently published abroad, that man must abandon religion and for it substitute science, he appears to be thinking of religion as a form of authority. If that is what he means, he has gone no further than many other scientists who yet see in the free mind of man a place for faith. Whether he means more than this or not, he certainly means at least that with the coming of science there has passed the day of the religion of authority. And yet such is the irony of human affairs, these very words of Freud will be accepted as a creed or dogma by many of his followers. As among all other classes of mankind, so among Freudians, there are those who will accept the great man's decisions and dicta as valid for them. To such as these among his followers Freud himself is the pope. They simply substitute one religion of authority for another.

Meantime it may be well for even such to remember that there are men of science who are essentially and profoundly religious—men like Michael Pupin, one of the most scientific minds of the day; Robert Andrews Millikan, whose intellect has probed secrets of the electron; and Henry Fairfield Osborn, the newly elected President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Such men are not dogmatists either in religion or in science; for the greater the scientist, the more keenly is he aware of that which lies beyond the power of any instruments ever to weigh or measure.

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.

Words to be Inscribed

IN reply to a Ku Klux Klansman who asked him to order an investigation of alleged police interference with a parade of the order, Governor Smith has explained that it is not within the power of the Governor to order miscellaneous investigations; but he adds with Rooseveltian directness and in almost Rooseveltian language: "I regard the purposes of your organization with abhorrence and I consider them subversive of the fundamentals of American democracy. Nevertheless, in so far as it lies within my power under the law, I would accord to you exactly the same even-handed justice that I would give to anybody else." And he quotes from an opinion of the Appellate Division of the New York State Supreme Court two sentences, of which the second is as follows: "American liberty extends the protection of the law even to those who are false to its principles."

What sentences should be preferred to these as inscriptions in every executive, legislative, and judicial chamber in the land?

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The Wilson Prize Essay Contest

IN declining to make an award of either first or second prize in the contest for the best essays on "What Woodrow Wilson Means to Me," the Jury of Award of the Woodrow Wilson Foundation acted in accord with good sense, with courage, with self-respect, and, most important of all, with respect to the memory of the man whom the offer of the prize was designed to honor.

When the offer was first announced, there was reasonable doubt whether either a prize contest of this sort had in it the promise of success or the subject could elicit a work of literature worthy of the $25,000 offered for the first prize or of the character and record of Woodrow Wilson himself. As a figure of eminence not only in American history but in world history, Woodrow Wilson should command high intelligence in any effort at critical analysis and portraiture. For such work the sum of $25,000 would be by no means too high a reward. A contribution to the literature of political science and biography would be of lasting interest. But it is hard to see of what interest or importance it is to the world to be told what the emotional response Woodrow Wilson's personality evokes from some individual, be he well known or obscure. The chances that anything could be written within 2,500 words that would be worthy of such a prize as was offered seemed to many to be remote. But the Woodrow Wilson Foundation had no choice. It acted as agent and trustee for the donors. The contest was announced and some ten thousand essays were submitted.

For the Jury of Award the easiest thing would have been to select the best essay, whether considered worthy or not, as recipient of the first prize. But by the terms of the arrangement under which they acted the members were charged with deciding whether the best essay submitted to them could be "fairly and conscientiously considered worthy of the awards." The principle on which they acted was stated in these words: "No principal prize should, in our judgment, be given to any essay which is not, both in substance and in style, fit to be published without embarrassment and submitted to the critical judgment of educated men and women." To the members of the jury whose arguments prevailed against the natural desire to avoid criticism belongs great credit for adherence to this judgment.

By their verdict, it is true, they have laid themselves open to bitter complaints from some contestants and even to the implication of having lent themselves to a scheme by which a prize was offered that was never intended to be bestowed. Aside from the obvious futility of any such scheme, the interest of the jury was naturally in making an award if possible. It is worthy of note that one of the contestants whose essay was included among the seven best submitted by men has written to the committee saying that if his essay was one of these seven he is satisfied that no award for first or second prize should have been given because he knows his own essay was not worthy of any such award.

It has been by no means an unfortunate occurrence if the refusal of this award has set a standard for similar juries in the future. Indeed, it has been positively a fortunate occurrence if it has tended to discourage the institution of such prize contests for large stakes. Such an award as the Nobel Prize does not belong in this category, for it is in the nature, not of an incentive to be striven for, but a reward for recognized achievement. At least it should be now clear that the burden rests upon those who seek to justify the offer of any great prize to contestants, and that if any prize is ever justifiable it must be commensurate with the effort it requires and the achievement it is designed to produce.

Headway

IF Columbus had had an airplane, does any one doubt that he would have used it to explore the Atlantic Ocean?

If Aristotle had known how to avail himself of the spectroscope or the other apparatus of modern science to determine the nature of the universe, does any one doubt that he would have applied their evidence to his philosophy of life?

The minds of such men were the true measures of human advance in their times. The intellectual pioneers—however they are regarded by their contemporaries—are always the real indicators that mankind is moving forward.

The year just closed has marked a new mastery of matter and energy. Newspapers and magazines have recorded them triumphantly as proofs of progress. But mechanical achievements—spectacular as they may be—are not in themselves progress. They are only means to progress. Not even exploits like Lindbergh's reveal anything new. Splendidly as they show afresh the heroic possibilities of human beings, they but reaffirm the spirit of Columbus.

That is the vital essence—the spirit and purpose of scientific adventure. The conquest of new knowledge and its acceptance and use are alone progress. By that test must be measured the past year and all years. To perceive any progress in these terms would require a longer period than any one year. But a century shows it. The gain in freedom of thought and consequent enlightenment over the past hundred years is perceptible. A glance further back to the days when men were imprisoned or put to death for sincere intellectual inquiry into the problems of life shows better how far we have progressed. And back of them were the days when men and women were thrown to wild beasts in public arenas for their convictions, and children were sacrificed blindly to the fear of devouring gods. For a race that started in the jungle without explanations, we are not doing so badly. In contrast with those dark valleys of human life, we have gained a long distance up the mountainside into sunlight—even if the peaks still tower ahead.

The use we make of the means of knowledge and power we master is the gauge of our growth into racial maturity. And these means, opening up new views of the universe, themselves affect our understanding. Dr. F. R. Moulton, speaking at the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, affirmed this influence of discovery and invention on the intelligence of man. "Our successors, say, a million years from now," he said, "may surpass us as much in reasoning powers, in creative imagination, in æsthetic appreciation, and in lofty aspirations as we surpass in these respects our predecessors of a million years ago."

A million years is a long stretch of imagination. It would have been an impossible concept to the beings of a million years ago. To make it easier for ourselves, call it ten thousand years. Through each of them—through the year we are now entering—progress will depend on that willingness to seek truth, to face any facts and be guided accordingly, which has brought us as far as we have come.

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Musical Impressions

By EUGENE BONNER

THE success two seasons ago of the revival of "La Vestale" made it almost inevitable that sooner or later that other operatic priestess, "Norma," would reappear on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, whence she has been banished ever since the great Lilli Lehmann presented her there some thirty years ago. Reappear she did about six weeks since, this time in the person of Rosa Ponselle.

That the revival was justified is evident, as in the first place, an opera that has held its own for nearly a century shows a vitality that in itself constitutes no inconsiderable element of greatness and should be heard by the present generation of opera-goers once at least, even though it be listened to much in the same spirit that gets one through the reading of a masterpiece by one of the great eighteenth-century novelists. Besides, it gives us an opportunity to hear and enjoy a type of singing all too seldom vouchsafed to us in these days of squawks and grunts heroically endeavoring to break through the barrage of a gigantic orchestra going full blast, which, though it often makes a grand and glorious effect taken as a whole, can scarcely be calculated to further diligent pursuit of the art of *bel canto*.

After the first feelings of exasperation over the inadequacy of the instrumentation and accompaniments have somewhat subsided, one comes to accept the old opera as it is for what it is, hoppy-toad tunes and all. Even in the heyday of its career it evidently was not considered altogether sacred, for did not Richard Wagner himself when he was in Paris in 1840, long before the days of the Tannhäuser-Jockey Club war, endeavor on one occasion to monkey-up this very score? He says in his autobiography: "The various ways by which I might obtain recognition in Paris formed the chief topic of our discussions at that time. . . . I next stumbled on the idea of writing a grand bass aria with a chorus, for Lablache to introduce into his part of Orivist in Bellini's *Norma*. Lehrs had to hunt up an Italian political refugee to get the text out of him. This was done, and I produced an effective composition *à la* Bellini (which still exists among my manuscripts), and went off at once to offer it to Lablache. . . . Lablache received me most kindly, and assured me that my aria was most excellent, though it was impossible to introduce it into Bellini's opera after the latter had already been performed so very often. My relapse into the domain of Bellini's style, of which I had been guilty through the writing of this aria, was therefore useless to me, and I soon became convinced of the fruitlessness of my efforts in that direction." It would be amusing to get hold of that "grand bass aria"!

HEREAFTER, each week, Eugene Bonner—musician, composer, and critic—is going to give us news and criticisms on affairs in the musical world. New operas, new experiments, happenings of note—all will be reported in these pages. It will give us an intelligent view of a subject which has been too much neglected in a country so passionately devoted to music in all its forms—from jazz to grand opera.

Nevertheless good old "Norma" has weathered many storms, and if she continues to be presented to future generations as she is now brought forward at the Metropolitan she's likely to weather many more. Much bilge has been written and spoken as to the excruciating difficulty of singing this very exacting rôle. Rosa Ponselle settles all that by starting in full voice in the "Casta Diva" and ending up in that last great aria with no diminution of tone whatever, no signs of fatigue, and the whole done with no apparent effort, a shining example of singing and acting in what for lack of a better term is generally known as the Grand Style. Can it be that the powers at the Opera House are getting ready to present her in some of the great Wagnerian rôles—Isolde, for instance?

Serafin did wonders with the archaic instrumentation, Lauri-Volpi acquitted himself nobly as Pollione, while Marion Telva gave us the best work we have had from her thus far, singing with a beauty of tone that managed to hold its own against the glorious singing of this particular Norma. The scenic investiture was all that could be desired and the chorus was quite equal to the demands made upon it; but, after all is said and done, "Norma" as now given at the Metropolitan is Rosa Ponselle's own particular affair.

Louise Homer returned to us after an absence of eight years or thereabouts, and gave a stirring performance as Amneris in a special matinée offering of "Aïda." She had a great welcome, as was to have been expected, and vocally as well as histrionically justified the expectations of many who had never heard her in opera as well as those who have long known and admired this fine artist's work. The eight years have brought a little added weight, but otherwise the passing of time has left little or no mark on the singer, who on this particular occasion was at the top of her form. Grete Stueckgold revealed a most interesting Aïda, while Martinelli, Ruffo, and Pinza gave their familiar interpretations of Rhadames, Amonasro, and Ramfis, respectively. Serafin conducted what turned out to be an unusually spirited performance of this very familiar opera.

A Saturday afternoon performance of "Tannhäuser" brought forward Lawrence Tibbett in the rôle of Wolfram, his first appearance in that part. He gave by all odds the best performance of that character seen here in many a day, singing with great beauty of tone and an adherence to pitch often sadly lacking in the interpreters of this rôle, though it must be admitted that his make-up was not altogether happy.

Grete Stueckgold was a new Octavian in "Rosenkavalier," and a brilliant and graceful one at that, while other interesting events thus far in the season have been the revivals of Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" with Alda, Gigli, and Scotti, and that of the Humperdinck "Hänsel and Gretel." This little opera was beautifully done by all concerned, especially Dorothée Manski, who as Rosina Leckermaul did make the most delectable poll-parrot noises. The Humperdinck work was preceded by a youthful indiscretion of Erik Korngold, a dull

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one-act affair yclept "Violanta," in which Madame Jeritza displayed her pulchritude and an unbelievably long train.

ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK sang her farewell recital in Carnegie Hall Saturday afternoon, December 10. As can well be imagined, it was an occasion for many and varied demonstrations of enthusiasm and affection. The great contralto sang a long and formidable program, which she did with as little effort as she would have displayed forty or fifty years ago. Walter Damrosch, representing Mayor Walker, who was unable to attend (and contrary to his wont missed something), presented her with a portfolio containing letters from the Governors of all the States, making a gallant remark while so doing, which was promptly and audibly rewarded with a kiss from Madame. Colonel Douglas MacKay, representing the American Legion and attended by a color-bearer with escort, presented the singer with a fine bouquet of red roses in appreciation of her patriotic work during the war.

In one of the several speeches she was forced to make Mme. Schumann-Heink called attention to the fact that, while she was retiring from the concert stage after this season, she had no intention of being idle, and would endeavor to find young singers to whom she could impart some of her knowledge of the art of singing, provided, she added, she could find some girls who did not "smoke or powder their noses." While that proviso may entail a long search, let us hope all the same that she will find some one with the voice and intelligence to profit by her great store of knowledge and experience. The singer ended the proceedings, not inappropriately under the circumstances, with a rousing delivery of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

THE Philharmonic Orchestra, in co-operation with the Pro-Musica Society, gave a very interesting program of novelties for the benefit of the Pension Fund of the orchestra, consisting of Ernest Schelling's symphonic poem "Morocco," a "Magnificat" by Heinrich Kaminski for solo soprano, solo viola, chorus, and orchestra, and the "Psalmus Hungaricus" of Zoltan Kodaly, for tenor solo, chorus, and orchestra.

(C) Mishkin

Rosa Ponselle

Mr. Schelling conducted his own score, in which, according to his own words, he has tried to translate into symphonic language the impressions left with him by some of the Berber and Chleuh music he heard last year when making a trip through the North African desert and Morocco; recollections of the "Berber Bard outside the walls of Fez, the picturesque fire-eater, and the dancing of the Ouled-Nails" all find their way into the colorful and brilliantly written score, which, however, in our opinion, would be much improved by a little judicious cutting.

The Kaminski "Magnificat," written, according to the composer, in the Bach style, is a dignified and impressive piece of work, well balanced and full of religious feeling, which deserves a second hearing. Harriet Van Emden got through the difficult vocal part most creditably, though she was somewhat overpowered by the volume of the chorus and orchestra, as indeed who wouldn't have been?

Kodaly's music is a setting of an old Hungarian version of the Fifty-fifth Psalm with interpolations and extensions. While neither modern in treatment nor of great originality, the music is sincere and poignant, rising at times to heights of tragic beauty. Richard Crooks sang the solo part with feeling and authority, while the chorus and orchestra under the direction of Mengelberg were more than equal to the occasion.

ANY one in the neighborhood of Carnegie Hall a certain Monday night not so long ago would have decided that Mary Pickford, John Gilbert, or some other movie star was about the premises. A score or so extra policemen, hermetically sealed box-office windows, and harried and exasperated doorkeepers all gave testimony of great doings of some kind or other. The fact of the matter is that Yehudi Menuhin, that brilliant young genius of the fiddle, was giving his one and only New York recital of the season.

Now on the above-mentioned occasion we had been guilty of the lamentable oversight of leaving our tickets at home; with praiseworthy persistence and a childlike faith, we elbowed our way into the lobby, hoping for the best. . . . Could we get in the front door? We could not. Could we get in the back door? We could not. Did we get in at all? We did not!

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Tell Me a Story

Original tales remembered from childhood to tell to children

Conducted by HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

Illustrated by Lois Lenski

In almost every family there is one favorite story which is an unwritten classic. It is usually the invention of one of the parents, and is sometimes passed on with variations to each succeeding younger generation. In their way, these stories are like the folk-tales of the Negroes, which Joel Chandler Harris retold under the title of "Uncle Remus."

WE asked Vivian Burnett, the original Little Lord Fauntleroy, to remember a story his mother had told him as a child. But all is grist, it seems, that comes to a writer's mill, and the only story Mrs. Burnett never put into print afterwards was "The Mournful Story of Benny," which failed dismally in its object.

Vivian had taken to playing with matches, so one day his mother began the story of Benny, who stole downstairs in his nightgown, lit a fire without permission, and was eventually burned to a crisp.

When she had finished, there was an impressive pause, then Vivian looked up, smiling.

"Mother," he begged, "please tell me some more about little Benny being burned to a crisp."

But Vivian Burnett himself has sent many a child happy to bed with his made-up tales, among them this story with a purpose, by which other small Dorothys may profit.

The Story Lord Fauntleroy told Dorothy

As remembered by Vivian Burnett

THERE was once a nice young lady named Dorothy, much like other nice young ladies except for one bad

habit—which, of course, you could never guess.

"Dorothy," her mother would say, "what are you doing with your hands?"

"Hands?" Dorothy would answer, clapping them behind her back. "Why, nothing, Mother."

"Oh," said her mother, looking at her very hard, "I thought I saw you"—

"Oh, *no*, Mother," said Dorothy; "no, you didn't!"

Well, one hot, drowsy afternoon as Dorothy sat under a tree in her front yard an odd little man suddenly appeared. He had a wrinkled face and piercing black eyes that stared right through you, and he kept his hands behind his back.

"You're coming with me, Miss Dorothy," said the little man.

"Why, but I don't know if my mother will let me," began Dorothy, feeling rather frightened.

The little man laughed unpleasantly.

"No matter! You may not like the place you're going, but you're going just the same."

"Why do you keep your hands behind your back?" asked Dorothy quickly, trying to change the subject.

"None of your business!" snapped the little man. "But I advise you to keep yours there if you know what's good for you. Come along, now, or shall I make you?"

"You can't make me!" cried Dorothy; "not if you keep your hands behind your back."

"Oh, can't I?" snapped the little man, and, fastening her with his piercing black eyes, he drew her straight to her feet and up in the air after him.

On and on they went, over the roof of Dorothy's home, over the schoolhouse, over the church, over hill and over dale, till they reached a strange country.

Dropping her down under a big tree, the little man disappeared. Dorothy looked about. She was alone, and on the lowest branches of the tree hung the most beautiful fruits she had ever seen —great apples and pears and oranges and grapes, as well as many strange and wonderful kinds. All she had to do was to stretch out her hand.

Her mouth watering, Dorothy held her right arm towards a giant bunch of

grapes. But something queer had happened. Dorothy looked at her hands. There were no fingers left, only stumps. She had bitten them all off.

Mother had told her that the nail-biting habit grew worse and worse, but she had no idea it would come to this. What could she do? Dorothy looked about for the little man, but he was nowhere to be seen.

So, frightened and terribly ashamed, she clapped her hands behind her back and wandered on down the street, all lined with the same beautiful fruit trees. Dorothy began to notice other children, some of her own friends among them, and even grown people, all walking with bent heads and all holding their hands behind their backs.

Then as Dorothy turned a corner she came upon such a wonderful sight that she forgot everything else.

As far as she could see, the street was lined with Christmas trees, and on every branch hung a doll—big dolls and little dolls, black-haired and golden, brown-eyed and blue, some dressed in pink silk and lace, others in blue velvet, some in cunning gingham rompers, some only in pretty underclothes, with a packed valise over their arms, waiting for a loving mother to dress them.

On the lowest branch hung a real infant doll with a wrinkled nose and fat legs and eyes that opened and shut. It was dressed in the dearest little white dress with blue ribbons, and as it swung gently in the breeze it cried: "Ma-ma! Ma-ma!"

Dorothy stretched out both hands—then her arms fell by her side. The baby doll still smiled on the tree, but

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Dorothy could not take it. She had no fingers, only stumps. She had bitten them all off.

Crying as if her heart would break, Dorothy turned away. She could not even blow her nose on the handkerchief right there in her pocket. Hands behind her back again, she wandered on. The sun had set; it was growing dark and chilly, and Dorothy had had no supper.

Suddenly she saw a beautiful white-marble palace, with gold doors. The doors were open, and Dorothy walked in. She called "Hello!" two or three times very timidly, but nobody answered. So she went from one beautiful big empty room to another, until at last she came to a great table set with delicious food—hot tureens of her favorite soup, chicken and turkey, waffles with maple syrup, cakes with all kinds of

icing, and, best of all, chocolate ice-cream!

Dorothy was so tired and hungry that she forgot again, and stretched out her hand towards the table. But it was no use. She had no fingers, only stumps. She had bitten them all off.

Crying and sobbing, Dorothy threw herself on the floor. She might as well die. Without fingers, there was nothing to live for. Dorothy thought of her mother. If she were here, she would find a way to help her. Mother would love her even if she had bitten her nails till there were no fingers left.

Then, on the other side of the room Dorothy saw her, in her fresh house dress, her hair shining brown and smooth as always, holding out her hands and smiling.

"Dorothy!" she called. "Dorothy!"

In a minute Dorothy was at her side. She tried to take her mother's hand, but her arm fell down uselessly. For, of course, she had no fingers, only stumps. She had bitten them all off.

Mother began to fade away like a dream, growing dim, and then bright, and dim and bright until—

"Dorothy!" came her voice again, very clear and close. Dorothy opened her eyes. There she lay, rubbing her eyes, under the old apple tree, and above her stood Mother, who had been trying to wake her.

"Hop up!" smiled Mother. "Father's brought you something."

But Dorothy was staring at her hands as if she had never seen them before. There were her ten fingers, all safe and sound, but the nails were ragged and bitten down to the quick. Then, so strong is habit, before she knew it, a finger was in her mouth.

"Dorothy," said her mother, "what are you doing with your hands?"

And this time Dorothy did not clap them behind her back and answer: "Nothing, Mother." She looked steadily at the ugly nails, and said, soberly: "I *was* starting to bite my finger-nails, but I'm not going to do it any more." And, glancing up into the tree, she saw a knot-hole that looked exactly like the face of the little old man, grinning at her.

So they went into the house, and there was Father with a big box of chocolate ice-cream he had bought on his way home from the office.

A Son of the Samurai

(Continued from page 50)

one thing: He walked in the Way—the Way of the Master. In it alone his soul breathed and had its being. Outside of it, it died. If a Samurai blundered out of it, he apologized for his crime with his life. No other price was quite adequate for the offense. Father stopped.

"Just how many times have you heard me speak of this before?" father asked me.

"As often as the rain drops from the eaves," I told him.

"Yesterday you broke your father's orders."

"Yes, sir."

"You took your friend, younger than yourself, to the gate of death and—and left him there in the hands of strangers. You ran from blame like a frightened badger. But you did not stop there. You lacquered your crime with a lie. You thought you could deceive me. Perhaps you could. But just what made you think you could blindfold Heaven? You did everything under the wide-open eyes of Heaven, didn't you?"

I did not answer. I couldn't.

My father rose to his feet. My eyes were upon my folded knees. I wasn't looking at him, but I knew. The same mystic sense. A moment later something made me lift my eyes.

What I saw brought my heart right up into my throat.

I saw my father standing there near the *tokonoma* (the alcove of honor) with the naked blade streaming down from his hand. It was the famous sword he had taken from the rack in the *tokonoma*. For some minutes his eyes caressed the blade as if it were his own very soul suddenly laid bare. Then he turned to me and took one or two steps—perhaps three.

Just then I heard the *fusuma* (the upholstered partition of a Japanese room) open behind me. And an instant later I heard the gentle voice of my grandmother calling my father's name.

"Hai, mother-above," answered father, the great blade still streaming from his hand like a silver salute.

"May I have the child for a short while?" said grandmother, her voice soft and very low, as usual, but clear like the low note of a flute. "I would like to take him on a visit to the temple."

My father returned the blade into the sheath, got down on his knees on the matted floor and bowed to his mother with his forehead touching the floor: "Your pleasure, mother-above, is the law in this house—always. May I humbly wish you a pleasant visit? Always cool and quiet there at the temple in summer."

Grandmother took me by the hand and led me out of the room.

I HAVE never learned just what father intended to do with me or with the sword. I have never asked him.

ALL this happened, not in the Old, but in the New Nippon. There was a law in the country at that time making it a capital offense for even a father to kill his son save only in self-defense. And it made no difference what the son did either. Unlike the feudal days, the power of life and death over his son had been taken away from a father years ago. Still my father was old-fashioned in his sense of Samurai honor. I never learned just what he intended to do with me or with the sword. I never asked him. But I was glad that my grandmother came.

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Life and Death and Giants

By IBBY HALL

THERE is a girl in Virginia who gives a strange story to the newspapers. She has been face to face with the extreme terror, the terror of being buried alive, and can produce a whole funeral procession, her own, to bear witness.

She remembers the wind storm and her father's yard, the falling branch from a great tree, and the blow on her head. It was a blow that struck the secret spring of action, for after it, within her hearing, she was pronounced dead. She was unable to move as they lifted her into her coffin; she was unable to move as she lay all night awaiting her own funeral; and through the singing of the hymns and the slow procession to the graveyard, still unable to move.

At the grave, in accordance with an outworn custom, the coffin was left open for the last good-bys. Her brother leaned over and kissed her motionless face. By some extreme of emotion she made the effort of her being and succeeded only in fluttering one eyelid. But it was enough. Her brother was positive he had seen it—unbelievable as it sounded; and the mother insisted that every restorative should be used at once. A few hours later the girl was telling the story that lifts its head so strangely once or twice during a century—a story that knocks the very props from under our dearest convention, the convention of death.

THERE is a three-year-old little girl in a pink dress who went to housekeeping last week in a Staten Island police station. The policemen who listen to her story are more and more bewildered by the gossamer maze of the strange world she brought with her.

The little girl in the pink dress was found roaming the streets of St. George, hugging a large doll to a tiny bosom, and happily and confidently looking for Santa Claus. It seems she had just barely missed him round innumerable corners, and, incidentally, had missed everybody else at the same time. Her story is the candid and lovely combination of fact and fancy. But her rescuing knights, the police force, would apparently prefer the darkest murder mystery to the unraveling of the little girl's identity. She tells every one with

LIFE, and death, and giants
Such as these, are still. . . .
Minor apparatus, hopper of the mill,
Beetle at the candle,
Or a fife's small fame,
Maintain by accident
That they proclaim.
—EMILY DICKINSON.

charming frankness that her home is in Union City, that she has lived along the Jersey shore, that her mother is "Helen," her father "Jim," and her brother "Johnny." They brought her to Staten Island, she declares, in an automobile, and she got out to look for Santa Claus. Was he going to find her at this new house, did the matron think? It was Christmas Eve, and where was the place to hang one's stocking? And if she stayed there, was he likely to know about it?

The stocking was hung, and he evidently knew about it, for the next morning the little girl in the pink dress had great difficulty in unpacking the large affair. But she has decided, according to reports, that she is found—at least, Santa Claus has found her; so now she adds a new item to her story. Her home, she tells people, is in Union City, along the Jersey coast, and, with a charming smile, *here*.

No wonder the policemen are mystified, since the facts are all with the little girl. Santa Claus seems to be the only actuality; for, after a week of search, "Helen" and "Jim" and "Johnny," and even the automobile, remain a myth. And, the policemen will tell you, she has not cried once since she came.

THE United Press is sending out a cat-and-flying-fish story that has quite bowled the newspapers over. It is in the nature of news for the New Year, and comes from a redoubtable captain who has just returned from a trip round the world with his pet cat, Jenny. The captain boasts that Jenny is a well-trained cat, though he warns the newspapers that such training is none too easy to accomplish.

When the ship's supplies are getting low, it seems that Jenny retires with dignity to the lower deck, where she sits aft and watches for the fortune of the seas and flying-fish that are too daring; for any flying-fish that ventures too near Jenny's watchful waiting is caught deftly by the tail and its head devoured before it recognizes this new terror of the seas. But that is as far as it goes; for Jenny is a perfect lady, and a housekeeping cat, and carefully saves the remainder of the fish for the hungry sailors.

Jenny is the captain's own cat, and he ought to know.

THE news of Christmas week held a transfixing story—the death of Santa Claus.

Christmas holidays are more than holiday. Sleeping imaginations awake and spring up like Christmas flowers, and the world belongs to a spirit, to children, and to make-believe.

The world of 1927 belonged to an actor in love with make-believe for seventy-one years, and this year he determined to play his dearest rôle—he was going to be Santa Claus. He was already booked for another part that meant his bread and butter. The new play was opening the day after Christmas, but on Christmas Eve he was due for this dearer engagement: he had promised to go to the house of a friend and be Santa Claus for the children.

It must be remembered that this was not an ordinary occasion, or an ordinary rôle for the old actor to undertake. It was natural that any one who was so in love with the part, and who, indeed, was the living image of the beloved saint himself, should have been tempted often by large sums of money to appear as a professional Santa Claus; but he was not for hire. He knew his childhood better than that, and declared that for no financial bribe would he risk his amateur standing.

In his red suit and white whiskers, beside his Christmas tree, and with his hand on his unopened pack, Santa Claus heard a summons more imperative than reindeers' feet on an icy roof. His heart, that was beating too high perhaps, stopped suddenly, and it was the expectant children who found him lying underneath the tree.

There was no pretense there: Santa Claus was real, and Santa Claus was dead.

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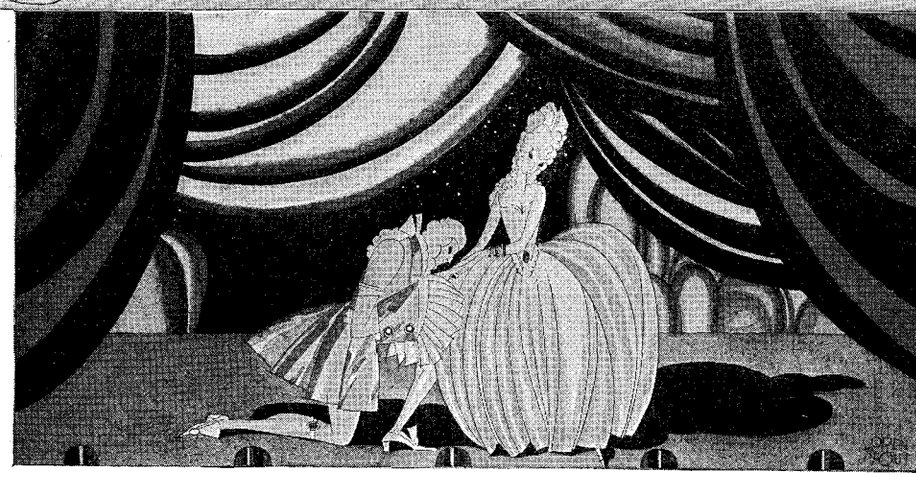
Lights Down



A Review of the Stage

EDNA FERBER and George Kaufman's long-awaited play on the people of the theatre, "The Royal Family," was offered last week amid a sudden burst of new openings in many theatres. Whether or not it will ever become popular, it brings up the always interesting speculation: Just what is it that makes an actor, and wherein does the theatrical life differ from that of other people?

Miss Ferber and Mr. Kaufman seem very frankly to have chosen the Barrymore family for the purposes of their plot, to have exaggerated and changed it in many respects, and finally to have ended up with a play which contains more points of departure than resemblances. The result is a play containing excellently drawn characters, each of whom gets nowhere in particular, but who all together make up a distinctly new and modern view of a first-class theatrical family viewed on its human side and in its social and family aspect. The whole play, for instance, takes place in the duplex apartment of the Cavendishes, as the authors have named their Royal Family. Generations of actors are behind the Cavendishes, and presumably generations of them are to follow. They are, one and all, a sophisticated, amusing, half-mad, egotistical lot; yet each one with the glamour and attraction which invests people who live life completely and express whatever genuine personality they possess.

To this family kind-hearted Oscar Wolfe—Charles Frohman amply disguised and wonderfully played by Jefferson De Angelis—plays Papa and benevolent protector and friend; and shows himself by all odds the strongest man of the group, with the most genuine perception, and the most artistic appreciation, and the best balance.

The play is full of extraordinarily amusing remarks; quips, retorts, unexpected upsets, are the rule; so much so that humanity sometimes seems lacking in the people themselves, and Miss Ferber and Mr. Kaufman come dangerously close to just being funny.

Nevertheless the strength of family tradition is shown to be precisely as binding in the theatre as in other fields of endeavor, and because of the wide gulf which genuinely does exist between the person who values ideas and emotions and the person to whom financial success and industry are paramount—because of this gulf the difficulty of any happy marriage between the people of the business world and the people of the artistic world is convincingly demonstrated.

Showing this, the authors have made their protagonist of business and the humdrum world unnecessarily dumb—in fact, he talks like a Marc Connolly traveler on a Pullman; and the picture of life which he holds out to Julie Cavendish is anything but attractive. The same criticism might be made of the entire play. It veers from comedy to farce and to tragedy without the slightest warning, and thus fails to be utterly convincing. But this may be partially because the actors are called upon to simulate genius—which is not easy.

In addition, the play is not written with a continuity of interest which is sustained by any two or three characters; but is a picture of the hectic existence of the whole family—from Tony, the brother, who is too hot-tempered to get on with his director in Hollywood, and who makes the world his playground in between dazzling his audiences, to the young daughter of the family, who insists on giving up the stage and marrying for love, only to find that as soon as the baby no longer needs her she cannot resist the lure of the footlights.

Whether or not the authors intend it, they give a picture of a highly sophisticated group of people, each one so egotistically intent on his own ideas that the world they create is a hubbub and nothing more—a kind of glamourous, dramatic, frightfully wearing, high-tensioned existence, which because of the emotional make-believe which constitutes so many of its hours, so titillates the imagination and the emotions that simplicity and rest and happiness are impossible.

All generalizations about actors are, of course, as foolish as generalizations about any section of society. Variety among the people of the theatre is even more marked than among other sorts because of the fact that one supreme talent draws together an immense number of different personalities. One has only to go to "The Shannons of Broadway" after seeing "The Royal Family" to be convinced of this. Considered, however, as a picture of people and personalities, "The Royal Family" is a very interesting affair. Considered as a play, it isn't very good. The first two acts end with a joke on the audience, and the final curtain goes down on a tragedy. Its main trouble is that most people conversant with the theatre will probably feel that they have strayed in on a really original play written especially for a revival by "The Players" club. It is well acted—especially by Haidee Wright—but only Ethel Barrymore could really carry it.

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The Street of Finance

A Weekly Review of the High Lights of Wall Street

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

J. P. MORGAN, James A. Farrell, and Myron C. Taylor will fill only partially the place left vacant in the industrial world and in the United States Steel Corporation by the death of Judge Elbert H. Gary. Mr. Morgan succeeds him as chairman of the Board of Directors, Mr. Farrell as chief executive officer, and Mr. Taylor as chairman of the Finance Committee. But one great task is bequeathed to no one. It had been finished, for the time being at least, by Judge Gary.

Today the Government, the public, the Steel Corporation, and other forms of Big Business are co-operating in a fashion which all believe, with only a few reservations, to be mutally advantageous. This harmony is due to the wisdom of certain governing principles to which they have been converted largely through the efforts of Judge Gary, who, in addition to his other duties, filled the exacting and formidable post of liaison officer between these different interests. Because he was such a successful liaison officer no one is needed to replace him. Contact has been well established.

In the closing years of his life, sophisticates laughed at Judge Gary and his homely, rather wordy, lectures on success, morality, and business ethics, but Ida M. Tarbell, his biographer, did not exaggerate when she wrote that "no man in contemporary affairs has more honestly earned the title of Industrial Statesman." In his field, he was more successful at reconciling apparently antagonistic aims than was Henry Clay, the "Great Pacificator," in his. Clay did no more than postpone the Civil War by a series of compromises. He never achieved any measure of reconciliation. Judge Gary persuaded opposing forces to forsake their principles, if any, and adopt his.

The Judge's popular fame as a conciliator rests largely on his success in winning the toleration and then the friendship of competitors, the public, and the Government, but, actually, he probably had even greater difficulty in impressing his standards on his associates. After he had converted them, he had a more convincing case to argue against the Corporation's detractors.

For many years The Outlook has conducted in connection with this department—which is intended primarily to present an intelligent discussion of what is going on in the financial world—an advice-to-subscribers service.

Beginning with this issue, however, a new policy will be followed. The Outlook believes that intelligent people nowadays properly seek advice concerning their investments from their local banker or the representatives of the reputable investment houses in their city or town. It does not believe that it is the function of a magazine to give definite financial advice. It considers that the question of how to invest your money has become a specialized field which no longer lies within the proper province of this magazine.

If there are any of our readers who are not easily able to consult a banker or investment house representative, The Outlook will be glad to direct them to the proper sources of information, and, if desired, turn their inquiries over to such specialists as we consider dependable and trustworthy.

Ruthlessness was the rule and lawlessness anything but the exception in the steel business at the time of the Corporation's foundation. Andrew Carnegie had well established the tradition of cutthroat competition. Few opportunities to ruin a rival were neglected. The Government and the public both were pretty generally considered as enemies. The Judge required many years of strenuous effort to stamp out the illegal practices that persisted in some of the Corporation's subsidiary companies. "If you won't stop them because they are wrong, stop them because they don't pay," he insisted. That honesty is the best policy was no truism in those days. As for stockholders, they were given such reports on Corporation affairs as are now taken for granted only when it suited the interest of the directors, and not otherwise.

From the very first Judge Gary fought all these abuses. The opposition he met was not confined to the officers of other corporations. It was so bitter on his own Board of Directors that on one occasion Wall Street believed that he might be forced out. His preachments bored and angered associates who thought of laws only as things to be evaded and of business ethics hardly at all.

"I believe in Sunday school, but not in introducing Sunday-school methods into business," one of the Corporation directors snorted at the conclusion of one of the Judge's homilies.

But the Judge had his way, and, eventually, his associates realized that he was right. He put competition on a friendlier—some still say a too friendly—basis; he saw that laws were obeyed; he gave the stockholders full and honest information.

He even went to the extent of co-operating with the Government. He became friendly with President Roosevelt and adopted his then revolutionary idea that the Government should have the power to investigate and supervise industry. He told the Attorney-General that if he saw anything wrong in the Steel Corporation's conduct of its business, it would be corrected. Some of his directors raged, but he persisted. Quite possibly it was this spirit of co-operation which tipped the scale in the Corporation's favor in the Government's unsuccessful suit to force its dissolution. Certainly his attitude was most influential in convincing President Roosevelt that there could be a "good corporation."

But persuading the Government of the Corporation's good intentions was not the same thing as winning the friendship of the public. Judge Gary realized this. He was the first man in a really prominent business position to realize the importance of public opinion, and all through his career he took great pains to explain his policies. When the Corporation was being criticised for paying Charles M. Schwab, its first President, $1,000,000 a year, the Judge did not feel, as contemporary executives did, that this was none of the public's business. He announced that the salary was really only $100,000. He thought it to the Corporation's interest for the public to know the truth. The obvious suc-

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cess of his frankness has been a very great factor in converting other great corporations to a similar policy.

The era of good feeling for which Judge Gary laid the foundation may not last indefinitely. Big Business may abuse the public confidence it now enjoys, or a serious business depression may set the stage for demagogic demonstrations against all such large and powerful industrial organizations as the Steel Corporation. But undoubtedly there is a real cordiality today between Big Business and the public—one that cannot be explained entirely by the conservative attitude of the Republican Administration. Judge Gary's conception of his organization as a "good Corporation" has become, to a great extent, the public's also, and its officers were undoubtedly wise in closing an educational campaign that had attained its objective.

Now the executives can devote their entire attention to the manufacture and sale of steel, which is their proper function, and, quite possibly, the Corporation's efficiency may increase at an even faster pace than in the past twenty-five years. Judge Gary was the right man in the right place at the right time, but it is by no means certain that the combined abilities of Mr. Morgan, Mr. Farrell, and Mr. Taylor, within the organization, may not even exceed his. The amazing growth of the Steel Corporation is a familiar story, but its management and resourcefulness during the last few years has perhaps not quite equaled that of, say, the General Motors Corporation or the General Electric Company. Under the triumvirate, Wall Street thinks, the Steel Corporation may become even more efficient than either of these two.

Thanks to Judge Gary, it is not necessary to convince the American people that, whether or not they own Steel shares, their interests are to a great extent tied up with those of the giant of the country's basic industry, and, on the basis of asset value, its greatest industrial unit. They wish the old Judge's successors a *bon voyage*.

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IT IS one thing to have a sound house policy of putting the investor's interest first. It is quite another thing to have that policy adhered to throughout an organization. It might be interesting to the investor to know the steps we take to assure it. It will give him an idea of the service he can expect from our representatives.

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CAMPS - INFORMATION

What Is the Truth About the S-4?

(Continued from page 47)

covered that once more small boats were out trailing hawsers, dragging the seabed.

One of them was hailed: "What are you looking for?"

"The sub," called back a sailor, and a petty officer slapped him on the back with an order: "Keep your damn' mouth shut."

On the Falcon and on the Bushnell gold-sprigged gentlemen grew apoplectic at the inquiry as to whether the submarine had been lost a third time. Divers were already descending, they pointed out; they would not go down unless they knew where the submarine was. Nevertheless an hour later it was officially admitted at Charlestown Navy Yard in Boston that the rescue fleet had lost the S–4.

It was nearly sundown—5:27 to be exact—before the wreck was relocated.

Then the Coast Guardsmen rediscovered it for the third time. A buoy, the third, was again attached. Divers went down into the water, which the burning floodlights pierced for a few feet. Underwater lights were lowered with them, and with fair facility an air-line was finally attached to the S-C tube.

The diver who made it fast—at eleven o'clock—reported that the inner valve of the tube had been opened by the men in the submarine.

There had been no message, no coherent intelligible signal, from below for more than twenty-four hours.

The six men were dead, and every one knew it, but the air began flowing down into the compartment where they lay. In four hours the air had been entirely replaced by fresh air, it was computed.

What was the use? they asked in the fishing boats and on shore. And they answered it themselves. The Navy had to make some gesture of self-justification.

All night the Falcon's pumps forced air down through the long hose-lines into the six men's crypt. The next morning a handsome and smartly tailored young officer arrived from Boston. He was instructed, he explained winningly, to establish a cordial liaison between the fleet and the newspaper men. He would make four trips a day from shore to interview Admiral Brumby and bring the information back to the reporters.

He made this explanation to the fifteen men still left at the village, for more than half of the reportorial crew had already departed, knowing that no rescue story would or could be written. Only a salvage job remained.

With this officer in charge of a petty officer, came three pulmotors for reviving asphyxiated men.

They might have been useful thirty-six or forty-eight hours earlier. They should have been on hand on Sunday.

But then, so should the pontoons and the derricks.

So, with the equipment finally complete down to a liaison officer and a pulmotor expert, and with two hose-lines still pumping air into the S–4's torpedo-room, Admiral Brumby announced on Thursday noon:

"I have no doubt that there is absolutely no life aboard the S–4."

No one else had either.

His announcement brought down puzzled queries, biting denunciations, upon the Navy Department; and next day Curtis Wilbur, the author of "Susie Bear" and holder of the Naval Academy tambourine-kicking record, journeyed to Provincetown, comforted his officers and denounced their critics. Every effort, he announced, would be made, and at once, to salvage the submarine.

If all goes well, sorrowing families will have the bodies of their sons before spring.

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Ask Dr. Cadman

(*Continued from page 45*)

cept. One was "Elmer Gantry." Another is what he conceives to be the philosophy of H. L. Mencken and "his ghoulish crew." He feels that college students are in grave peril from exposure to their ideas. The conservative side of his nature was emphasized, also, when some one asked him about the modern girl with her improper clothing, dubious morals, and other peculiarities. He felt that reports of her sins had been exaggerated, but confessed a preference for the girl of the Victorian era:

> She knew the advantages of a retiring modesty. Far from wasting her sweetness on the desert air, she inspired the desire to cherish and protect in the hearts of many admirers, and in time became an excellent mother of excellent children.
>
> After all is said and done, there is no business in the world half so fine as running a home. . . . Women in business are all right, but don't let them forget, in the rush and whirl of commerce, that their chief function is to bear and raise children who will prove a credit to their wise and loving discipline.

It may appear, from all this, that Dr. Cadman falls short in spirituality. But this, I am sure, is more apparent than real, and he makes up for it, at all events, in horse sense. When the accounts are balanced, he will, beyond question, receive as much credit for his tremendous energy and industry as any cleric in history. For he is, I think, a symptom of an age in which men turn from mysticism and demand information. They ask a "yes or no" form of answer to their questions of the soul and the hereafter, and they insist that the ecclesiastical witness must answer promptly or be held in general contempt.

A collection of Dr. Cadman's lectures published in 1924 made it clear that he is often troubled by thoughts that men are denying their God and that religion becomes less vital as the years pass. He is a conspicuous example of the minister who applies worldly inventions to the purposes of the Church, but I should do him a grave injustice were I to give the impression that he believes, as do some among the newer clergy, that Rotary, and service, and the radio can take the place of worship in houses dedicated to God. He declines to speak over the radio at an hour when services are being held. He insists that church-going is essential to real religion.

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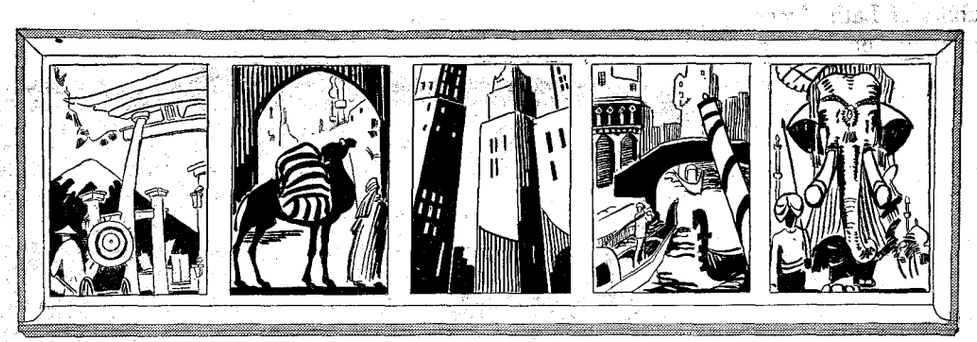

Windows on the World

By MALCOLM WATERS DAVIS

"CAN we stay sober and orderly?" Europeans seem to be wondering.

All the New Year messages from heads of European governments to the United States declared their delight at the prevailing calm in Europe and the ardent desire and firm intention of their own people to preserve peace. Some of them voiced an anxiety lest other people might make trouble. And several of them intimated a wish that the United States would say what it would do in such a case.

With such a universal will to sweetness and reasonableness, it would seem that peace ought to be assured. But Europe probably knows herself. And certainly she knows that it is impossible to fight a large-scale war now without material and money from America—and equally that it is impossible to tell in advance what the United States will do.

So some of the proposals coming from Europe—like certain unofficial British suggestions—aim to make sure that the United States will not lend its resources to a war-making country that refuses to arbitrate a dispute and that the League of Nations and the World Court declare to be an aggressor. This end might be accomplished by an independent statement of policy by the United States.

A plan like that of Foreign Minister Briand, of France, by contrast, aims to make sure that the United States will—in all events—arbitrate differences and not fight with his country. That would be accomplished by a formal treaty.

Against the first sort of scheme stands an instinctive American objection that the United States does not adhere to the League or the Court, and so would be bound by decisions in which it has no voice. This, it seems to me, might not prove an insuperable obstacle, since we might agree to regard as an aggressor any nation that breaks its given word and makes war, and to apply to it an economic boycott.

Against the second sort of scheme there stands the fact that, in case of war, the United States might be embarrassed by a special agreement with one nation.

The United States, on its side is trying to extend the principle of agreement to arbitration to include all nations willing to sign. In doing so the Administration appears to be moving along the lines of the ideas first advanced by Senator Capper. Several nations besides France—among them Germany—have hinted their willingness to sign an arbitration treaty with the United States. This seems not entirely to the liking of the French, who would be glad to have us promise never to fight them, but sorry to see us promise never to fight any one else who might fight them. All this is quite natural, and makes things complicated for the United States—which is not part of the European system and yet unavoidably involved in the issue of peace or war in Europe.

UNCLE SAM *can neither suit his action to the wishes of any individual European nation nor consent to be an adjunct to general European policies. But any discouragement he can find a way to give to possible war-makers anywhere is useful and desirable.*

PAN-AMERICA is interesting Europe to an unprecedented degree, and I note that especially in the Latin nations the Pan-American Conference soon to open in Cuba is commanding attention and comment side by side with the affairs of the old continent. And the League of Nations is taking a leaf out of the book of the United States and sending to the Conference unofficial observers.

Louis Guilaine, writing in the semi-official "Temps" of Paris, argues that the Union may seriously prejudice the work of the League, on the ground that the smaller American republics represented in the League and its Council are more or less under the influence of the United States. Thus, he contends, the United States, while not adhering to the League, can affect votes at Geneva. This is a picturesque reversal and variation of earlier American fears that Great Britain would control the votes of the Dominions at League gatherings.

"The Conference was called to consider the proposed American international code, drawn up by the Pan-American Committee of jurists which met in Rio de Janeiro in April and May, 1927, and which should free Latin America from the tutelage of the Monroe Doctrine," concludes M. Guilaine. "The attitude of the delegations of the Latin-American states in this decisive Conference will indicate in what measure their co-operation in Europe may be considered as independent and free from the irresponsible influence and suggestions of the Government at Washington."

So much for a French attitude towards the cardinal policy of the United States in the American hemisphere.

Gomez de Baquero, writing in the similarly important "Sol," of Madrid, asserts an even more antagonistic Spanish point of view: "The Monroe Doctrine had its hour. Today, however, when Europe does not threaten America, it is nothing more than a mask to cover Yankee supremacy." And he predicts that the Pan-American Conference will end in futile discussions without accomplishing anything.

Obviously, the gathering at Havana will be an event for Americans to watch closely—for the forces and motives at work there will be not only inter-American but European as well. And the

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policies of the republics of Latin America will need to be understood in terms of their relations to their sister Latin nations of Europe.

LINDBERGH'S *flying visits to the countries of Central America are bringing practical results. Plans are under way for intercontinental air mail services, to run from Canada through the United States, Mexico, and Central America, to South America. Meanwhile, a recently projected air mail service from France to Brazil is to start this month or next. The contest for leadership in air communication is growing actual and keen.*

CHINA is again shifting the pieces in her political puzzle. But I have seen few signs of either curiosity or surprise in the United States. Evidently, most Americans—after a stir of interest in the Chinese game last year when the Nationalist civil war seemed to be taking understandable form—have again given it up. (By the way, what's become of Mah Jong?)

Dr. C. C. Wu and Dr. Sun Fo have resigned from their posts in the Nationalist administration at Nanking as Minister of Foreign Affairs and Minister of Finance. Dr. Wu is the son of Wu Tingfang, once Minister from China to the United States, and Dr. Sun is the son of the late Sun Yat-sen, founder of the Nationalist Party.

Pressure from the hand of Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang, the "Christian General," is said to have forced their retirement. Feng is directing the Nationalist drive against the Peking militarists. Aside from that play for power, no one seems to know just what Feng may be driving at.

Admiral Bristol, commanding our Asiatic fleet, is leaving China on his flagship to go to Guam, and then to Manila to stay indefinitely. Evidently, he has decided that an American officer accustomed to accomplishing something has nothing to do in China just now.

A HEAD TAX *on travelers is slated to go into effect in France, and American tourists may take warning. The measure, as passed by the Chamber of Deputies, imposes a rate of 50 francs on all first-class transatlantic steamer tickets, with reduced rates for other classes. The purpose is to provide sailors' pensions, and the logical French legislators have decided that travelers are the ones to do it.*

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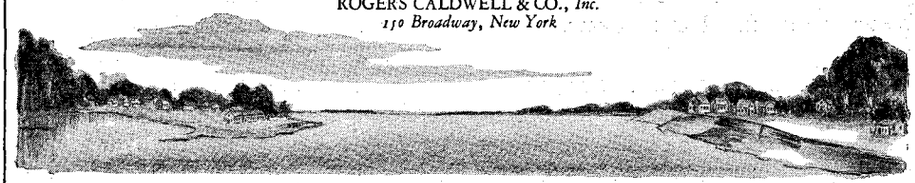

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The Outlook wishes to receive cartoons from its readers, clipped from their favorite newspaper. Each cartoon should have the sender's name and address together with the name and date of the newspaper from which it is taken pinned or pasted to its back. Cartoons should be mailed flat, not rolled. We pay one dollar ($1) for each cartoon which we find available for reproduction. Some readers in the past have lost payment to which they were entitled because they have failed to give the information which we require. It is impossible for us to acknowledge or return cartoons which prove unavailable for publication.

The Editors of The Outlook, 120 East 16th St., New York City

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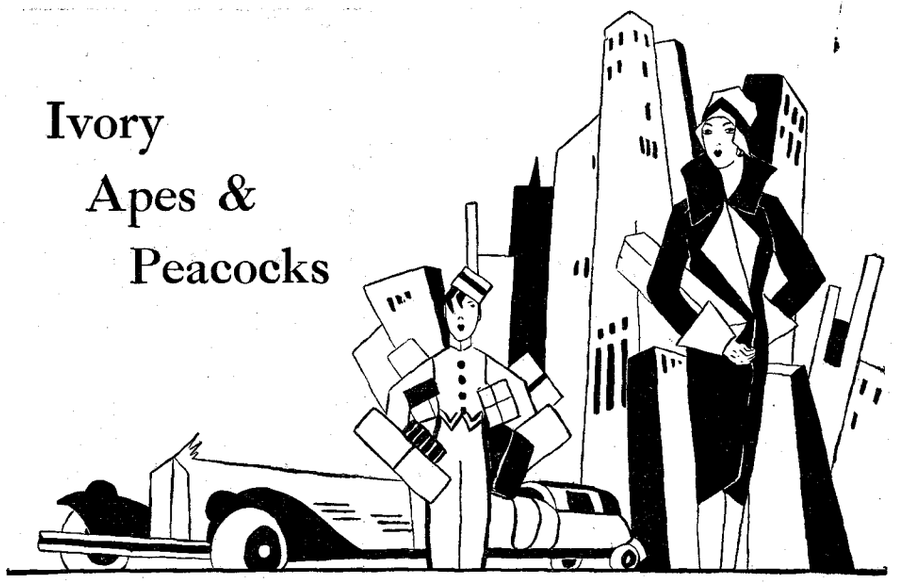
Ivory Apes & Peacocks



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The editors believe that no view of current affairs is complete that does not include some account of these things.

POSSIBLY stimulated by the Book-of-the-Month Club, a nursery in Englewood, New Jersey, is offering a service which it calls the Bouquet - of - the - Week Club. Just send them the lady's name and address—and your own, naturally, so they won't also send her the bill—and behold! each week she receives from you a box of beautiful cut flowers. Each week she will think of you, whether you happen to be thinking of her or not. A great saving of thought in that. We think it is awfully nice—all these services that make it so easy for us nowadays to pay these little personal attentions—with so little personal attention. Developing as they are, another ten years will probably see firms in existence which ask her to marry you, buy the ring, and lead her to the altar. We really see practically no limits to their usefulness.

HERE is a new traveling case for women which seems to be very practical. It is called the Migrator. It is square—about the size of the usual hat-box. The lid has a hanger on which go the frocks. There is a separate compartment for shoes in the main body of the case, and a larger compartment for hats, lingerie, toilet articles, and whatever else. It seems to us a great improvement on the regular suitcase, since everything is held in place, and if the case gets thrown around more or less in transit, you have some assurance, when you finally open it, that everything hasn't huddled up into a wrinkled mass at one end.

A GOLFING friend of ours who can make things with tools, built himself a putting game which even we, who are rather weak on golf, found a good deal of fun. There were various devices into which you endeavored to get the ball, the most important being a box with a hole in the top which was approached by what we can only call a ramp. You putted the ball up the ramp and into the hole. Now we see that a somewhat similar game has been brought out, called Tiz Golf, for either indoor or outdoor play on rug or lawn. There are nine holes, each different.

Golf has its horrors, too. We saw some flower-stands and lamps which took us back to the days of the gilded sewer pipe and the gilded cattail. The legs of these atrocities were three golf clubs, tied in the middle, so that they formed a double tripod, if you know what we mean.

A NEW kind of fire-lighter—or perhaps it isn't so new, but we haven't seen it before—is a rosin-prepared briquette called the Dixie. You just shove one of these under your logs, light it, and presently your fire is blazing merrily, all without either splitting kindling or getting yourself smeared up with kerosene.

THERE is a new electric iron on the market which does away with the dampening and sprinkling which has always been necessary before ironing. We have not tried this iron. We never tried ironing but once, anyway, and then we got the iron too hot or something and broiled the side of a pair of white-flannel trousers a fine rich brown. But we pass on this information to those who wield a more expert iron. It seems that there is a water reservoir in the handle of this new iron, and a conduit which leads from it to a row of tiny holes on the bottom plate. The bottom plate being hot, the water issues as steam, which is evenly distributed between the ironing surface and the garment, thus dampening the goods as you iron. The water supply is regulated by a turn-screw valve near the handle. A few drops of a favorite scent added to the water will give a delicate perfume to undergarments and bed linen, says the manufacturer.

MORE of those things that lead a double life are being brought to our attention every day. When the two lives have some relation to each other we have no objection to them. There is a combination pocket lighter and cigar cutter which would seem to have a logical *raison d'être*. And there is a pocket knife containing scissors and blades and a small pencil, which is compact and useful. But how about the humidor that is also a book-rack? And did we tell you of the leather-topped brush which contains either a sewing set or a manicure set?

Worse than these, of course—far worse—are the hypocrites, the things that look as if they lived one kind of life and really live an entirely different kind. This is a painful subject, and we shall therefore cite only one of these objects. Could anything be more discouraging, we ask you, than the small cocktail shaker which turns out to be a table lighter?

MUCH seems to be made of shoe cleaning kits these winter days. At least we have seen a number of them. They come in compact leather cases and brush, cloths, and tubes of polishing paste. These are for traveling. There is a bathroom stool with a corner top which opens, disclosing a shoe-rest and plenty of space for brushes and what-not.

W. R. B.

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Speaking of Books

A New Literary Department

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

What Everybody Is Reading

THE books in greatest demand are usually those most discussed. The following list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by eight book-shops each week. These particular book-shops were chosen because we think that they reflect the tastes of the more representative readers. These shops are as follows:

New York—Brentano's.
Boston—Old Corner Book Store.
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.
Cleveland—Korner & Wood.
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort & Barney
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Co.
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company.
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.

Fiction

"Jalna," by Mazo de la Roche. Little, Brown & Co. A clannish family in Canada survives the potentially disrupting love affairs of several members. If you like a good story, peopled by startling and brilliant caricatures, you will enjoy it. Reviewed November 2.

"Death Comes for the Archbishop," by Willa Cather. A. A. Knopf. This imaginative biography of a French missionary bishop to the Southwest is fine in spiritual concept, rich in beautiful description and moving characterization. Reviewed October 26.

"Kitty," by Warwick Deeping. A. A. Knopf. A young wife's struggle against her dominating mother-in-law for the possession of her husband, set in post-war England. You will enjoy it if you like a machine-turned story with humor and wholesome sentiment. Reviewed last week.

"Adam and Eve: Though He Knew Better," by John Erskine. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. You will find this an entertaining satirical tale dealing with the first companionate and the first Mr. and Mrs. marriages. Reviewed last week.

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert and Charles Boni. A study in the operation of fate, whereby widely divergent lives are brought to the same end. This is not merely a clever device for relating fundamentally unrelated stories, as in "The Cabala" or in Lubbock's "Roman Pictures." Readers of this startlingly brilliant book will miss its worth if they fail to see the emotional depths which the shimmering surface covers. Reviewed by Mary Shirley, last week.

Non-Fiction

"Trader Horn," by Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis. Simon & Schuster. The romantic story of an ancient adventurer, full of poetry, guileless wisdom, action, information, and color. Reviewed November 16.

"Count Luckner, the Sea Devil," by Lowell Thomas. Doubleday, Page & Co. This is the account of Luckner, the daring German seaman, his sailing ship Seeadler, and their exploits in the World War. As thrilling as any old tale of privateering days, it brings back the ancient romance of the sea. Reviewed last week.

"Napoleon," by Emil Ludwig. Boni & Liveright. You will find this engrossing biography a fine foot-note to the Napoleonic period. Reviewed November 9.

"Bismarck," by Emil Ludwig. Little, Brown & Co. This splendid biography by a master craftsman is unhesitatingly recommended to any one with a taste for solid reading. Reviewed November 9.

"Mother India," by Katherine Mayo. Harcourt, Brace & Co. This highly gifted reporter's account of some aspects of Indian society is not calculated to endear us to India, but is providing lively reading to lots of Americans. Reviewed June 22.

—and Why

NO book appears on the list this week which has not already received detailed notice on this page. The titles change slowly. Books get under way in the East, where most of them are published, and move Westward, advertised, in the last analysis, by word of mouth.

This list, varying as it has only slightly in three months, is interesting to look over. In fiction Willa Cather towers as an artist above the rest. Granted that all novelists write for money or fame or both, she is fundamentally sensible of the impulsion of creative force. "Death Comes for the Archbishop" began to be read on the strength of her other books, but got its own hold quickly. Not all readers are sensitive to its beauties of concept, style, and setting. But the lives that it portrays are lives of sublime and heroic sacrifice. Of all ideas that capture and enthrall the incurable romantic, the idea of self-sacrifice is the most powerful, the most fascinating. "Jalna" is a picture book and a prize book. Its author, indifferent performer, bungling amateur, as she is, still uses her talents with sincere intensity. Set down half her book's sales to the prize, and half to the hot, high-spirited pictures. (Advance reply to the accurate, "You're right, there are no illustrations in 'Jalna.' ") Deeping writes by clockwork. "Kitty" is liked for the reasons that clockwork is. If oiled and wound, it will run, keep to plan, do what's expected, spring no surprises. It is comfortable and the tick is nice. Erskine—shoot back the cuffs, spread out the palms toward the audience. "It is all legerdemain, ladies and gentlemen; keep your eyes on the professor." Erskine's heart is said to be in his music. It is not in his writing. "Adam and Eve" for its popularity leans heavily on "Helen of Troy." The people in the next apartment were talking and giggling about it last night—"Yeah, it's cute. But it's deep, too, don't forget it; there's real deep stuff in it." In biography Ludwig's name leads all the rest. He is a scholarly worker, a penetrating student of the psychology of genius. If in the process of making his important contributions to the study of history he can capitalize the present passion for biography, so much the better. It is a passion common and strong, because we all like, sitting in the office, fretting over household budgets, correcting examination papers, to be reminded that there are lives less level, men bolder and more

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magnificent, women more beautiful and less content. Katherine Mayo is an able reporter and propagandist. A quarter of the readers of her book are interested in India. The other three-quarters find "Mother India" pornographic and have been told that they would find it so. And as for "Trader Horn" and Mrs. Lewis, "Count Luckner" and Lowell Thomas, it is so easy to know why these books, the imaginative and understanding interpretations of thrilling tales, are read and read. It is because they meet that insatiable appetite in us which keeps every one hoping until his dying day that somewhere, around some blind corner, adventure is waiting, finger on lips, ready to whisper, "Hist—piruts!"

Have You Seen These?

The Cultured Barbarian

"Cities and Men," by Ludwig Lewisohn. Harper & Brothers.

Readers with a more than casual interest in cultural subjects will rarely find a current book at once so provocative in matter and so distinguished in manner as is this collection of essays on literary topics. Too many of our ablest critical writers here — writers whose object is not only the statement of their own opinions, but the stimulation of readers to an evaluation of theirs—are cursed with eccentricities and roughness of style. We are the sufferers, those of us who cannot easily give our attention to ideas, however invigorating, which have been forced to flow through a clogged or jerky pen and appear on paper in an alternation of blots and scratches. But Lewisohn's fine prose style will lure the most difficult into his book. Once in, if you are intellectually complacent, prepare for buffetings in the introductory essay, on "Culture and Barbarism." The further essays are frank, vigorous, and exquisitely tempered analyses and appraisals of the qualities of many Englishmen of letters, Frenchmen, Americans, Germans, and Jews. All are sincere and interesting, and most are fresh in view-point. Among the "Cities" group, the one on "Catullus in Verona" is charming. Among the "Men" essays, the reviewer delighted especially in the one on Saintsbury, which pays to that fine, headlong old enthusiast a very moving tribute.

About the essay on "Culture and Barbarism" it is possible to quarrel with Lewisohn. If you do, he may set you down at once as a barbarian; and you need not try to silence him with "propagandist." He will not object to that, since he says, "Powerful natures in literature are always propagandists on one side." It is doubtful if the limiting clause was needed. Is it only in literature that inadequacy and indifference masquerade as tolerance? Lewisohn's particular propaganda is for the romantic as against the classic, for the subjective as against the objective, for the individualist as against the mass-minded. With much of it, it is easy to agree. But some of it has the look of a house trying to divide against itself. Actually, subjective and objective are interdependent; the individualist becomes imperceptibly the leading unit of the mass; the romantic expresses himself in classic gesture. The subjective Lewisohn gives us a piece of objective critical writing in pure classic mood.

Skin Deep

"The Ugly Duchess," by Lion Feuchtwanger, Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. The Viking Press.

In a translation so smooth that it is not recognizable as such, Feuchtwanger's new book has just been published. His "Jew Süss" set a standard of brilliance which might easily not have been maintained. It was written with a smashing power not commonly found in so-called historical novels, and the setting of the gaudy gallantry and flashing cruelty of an eighteenth-century petty Court was one calculated to lend great variety and color to the book. But "The Ugly Duchess" does not disappoint. It is a far more somber story, set in the bleak Tyrol, in the fourteenth century, when the central European mountain country was almost untouched by the glorious, stirring life of France and Italy, and lay in a sort of drab fog of dumbness, superstition, and sodden brutality. The only lights in this heavy cloud were the conflicts of a few able political minds. "The Ugly Duchess" is written, fittingly, in a low key. It is marked by massive and important construction rather than by high color. Mediævalists will enjoy Feuchtwanger's intelligent grasp of the curious mediæval mind. They may have a few quarrels with him, particularly for his omissions in the matter of corroborative detail. But the mediævalist is always wanting to scratch fiction and find history. Most readers have better sense. For them it suffices that "The Ugly Duchess" is a good and brilliantly written story.

It concerns Margarete, duchess in her own right of the Tyrol, a woman cursed with hideousness of face and body, gifted with an able, constructive mind. The curse of ugliness is indeed the whole theme of the book—the praise of beauty, perhaps—for the Duchess, in her efforts

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. . . when discussion ends

one person

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When Demosthenes spoke, they said, 'Let us go against
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to sink the humiliated woman in the triumphant ruler, is constantly thwarted by the power of beauty personified in Agnes von Flaven, courtesan and political intriguante, and by the inevitable homage which all mankind pays to that power. The characterizations are solid and truthful. The men—knights, knaves, statesmen—are strongly marked and living figures. The descriptive passages are vivid and emotionally sensitive. Feuchtwanger demands the reader's interest for his heroine and holds it centered in her; but he never betrays his theme by allowing her any very firm hold on the reader's sympathies. When her efforts are most royal and her disappointments most poignant, he holds an unexpected mirror up, and the sight of the Maultasch (bag-mouth) in all her physical repulsiveness shocks away all sympathy. The working out of the theme has been somewhat complicated by the further necessity of making the reader accept the beautiful von Flaven as the natural object of universal adoration, without permitting his interest to be warmly engaged by her. In doing this Feuchtwanger has not been entirely successful; but it may be that his intention has been to follow the passive rather than the active way, to serve beauty by abhorring its opposite. And, since he writes of those isolated countries where the coronation of beauty which was the exquisite flowering of the Middle Ages seems to have been warped and twisted into a matter of throwing stones at ugliness, it may be that he has done just what he set out to do.

"If I Should Ever Travel"

"Pleasant Days in Spain," by Nancy Cox McCormack. J. H. Sears & Co.

Unusually promising at a first glance is Mrs. McCormack's attractive volume of Spanish travel and impressions, "Pleasant Days in Spain." The narrative, easy and informal, based upon letters to friends and still retaining the epistolary form, contains much material of interest tossed together in a rather helter-skelter fashion. The letters are gay, vivid, and highly individual, and must have been delightful to those to whom they were originally addressed, but they are not such as to bear without loss the cold ordeal of print. When the writer's personality is familiar, there is so much unwritten that the recipient of a letter can be trusted to supply—the interpretative uplift of a self-mocking eyebrow, perhaps; perhaps the softening effect of a remembered smile; or some habitual drollery of manner or inflection to make a bit of queer English or commonplace slang really funny. Lacking such aid, impossible to the ordinary reader, it must be admitted that the careless cock-sure sprightliness of Mrs. McCormack's style is not always happy in effect. This defect in the literary art of the book is emphasized by contrast with the high pictorial quality of its illustrations. Mrs. McCormack, a sculptor whose excellent bust of Primo de Rivera is the subject of one of them, was fortunate enough to obtain from Señor Lopez Mesquita, one of the leading modern Spanish artists, permission to use seven of his pictures not before reproduced. They appear in half-tone, and represent Spanish types ranging from King Alfonso and a famous bull-fighter to sad old peasant women and a laughing gypsy, and are of arresting power and distinction. E. P.

"In Praise of France," by Stephen Gwynn. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Mr. Gwynn's praise mounts to the point of becoming a lyric pæan to the glories which are France. To the maiden voyager the book will suggest an introduction to noble architecture, pleasant countrysides, or vintage wines; to an old lover of France it is full of mellow reminiscences of all three.

This is not a guide-book in the ordinary sense, but rather a charming elongated essay—an interpretation of France as informal as the way in which the fisherman's nets are spread and "hung to dry even on the railings about the church," at Marseilles.

The author's three great concerns seem to be churches, trout, and wine. With the philosophy of the true fisherman, he says:

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THE editor of this department will be glad to help readers with advice and suggestions in buying current books, whether noticed in these pages or not. If you wish guidance in selecting books for yourself or to give away, we shall do the best we can for you if you will write us, giving some suggestions, preferably with examples, of the taste which is to be satisfied. We shall confine ourselves to books published within the last year or so, so that you will have no trouble in buying them through your own bookshop.

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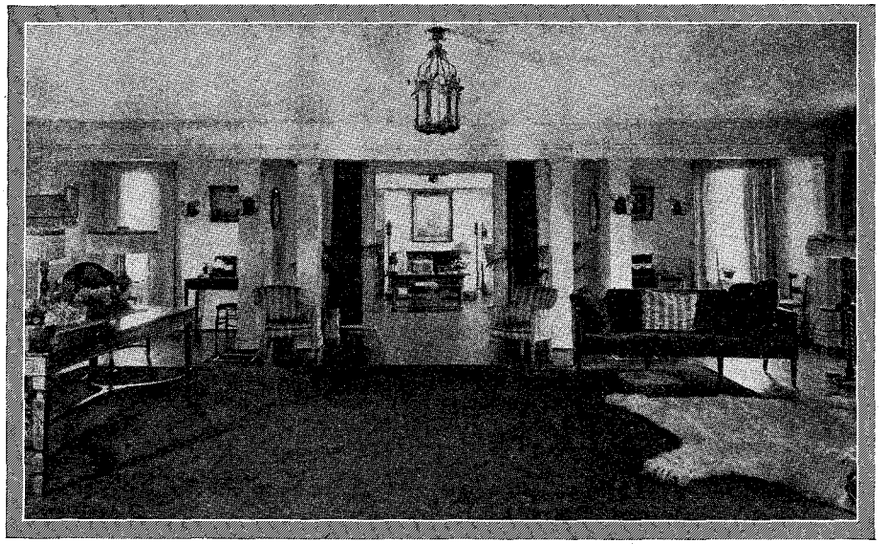

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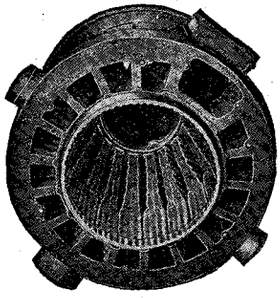

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